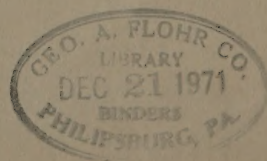




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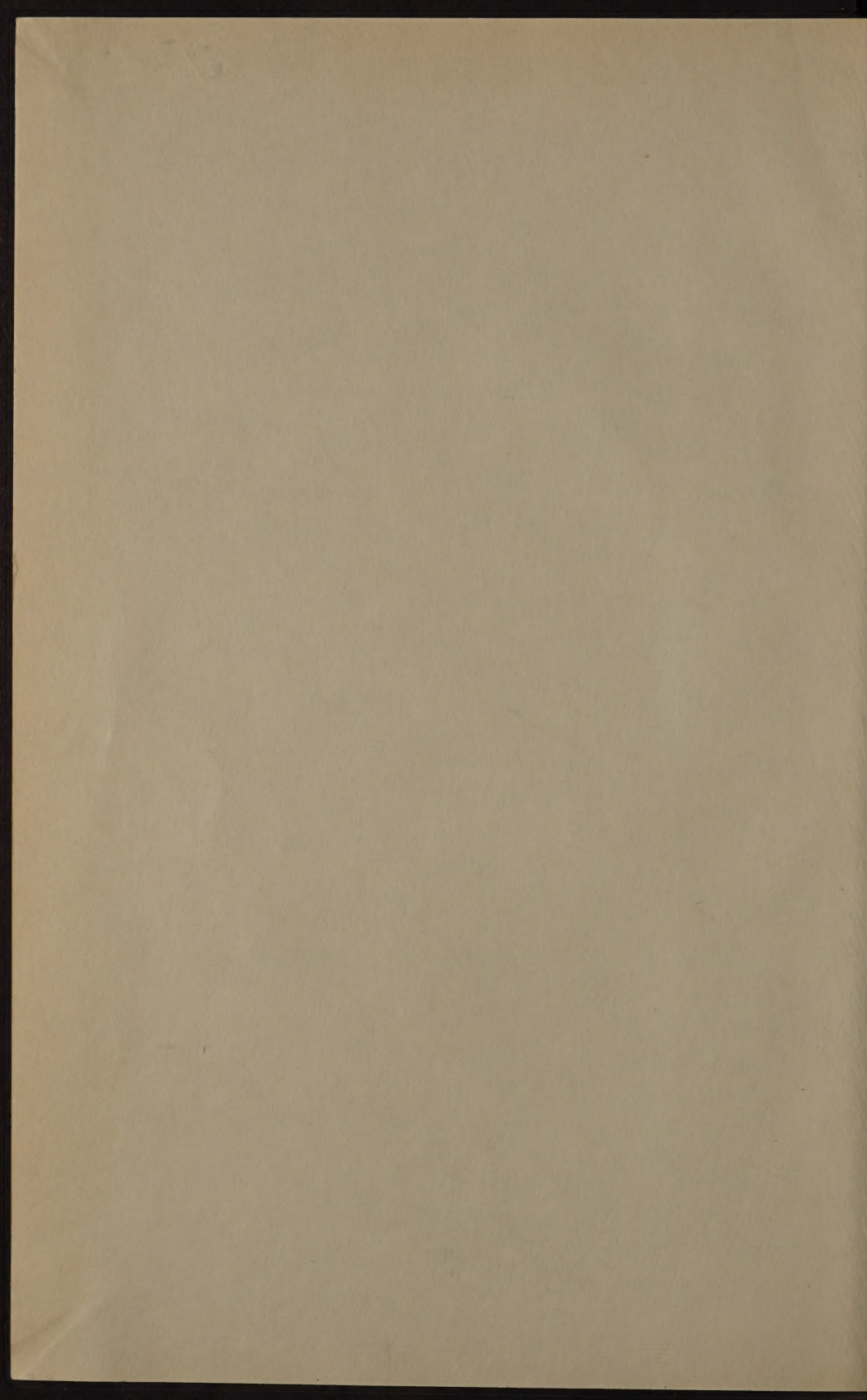
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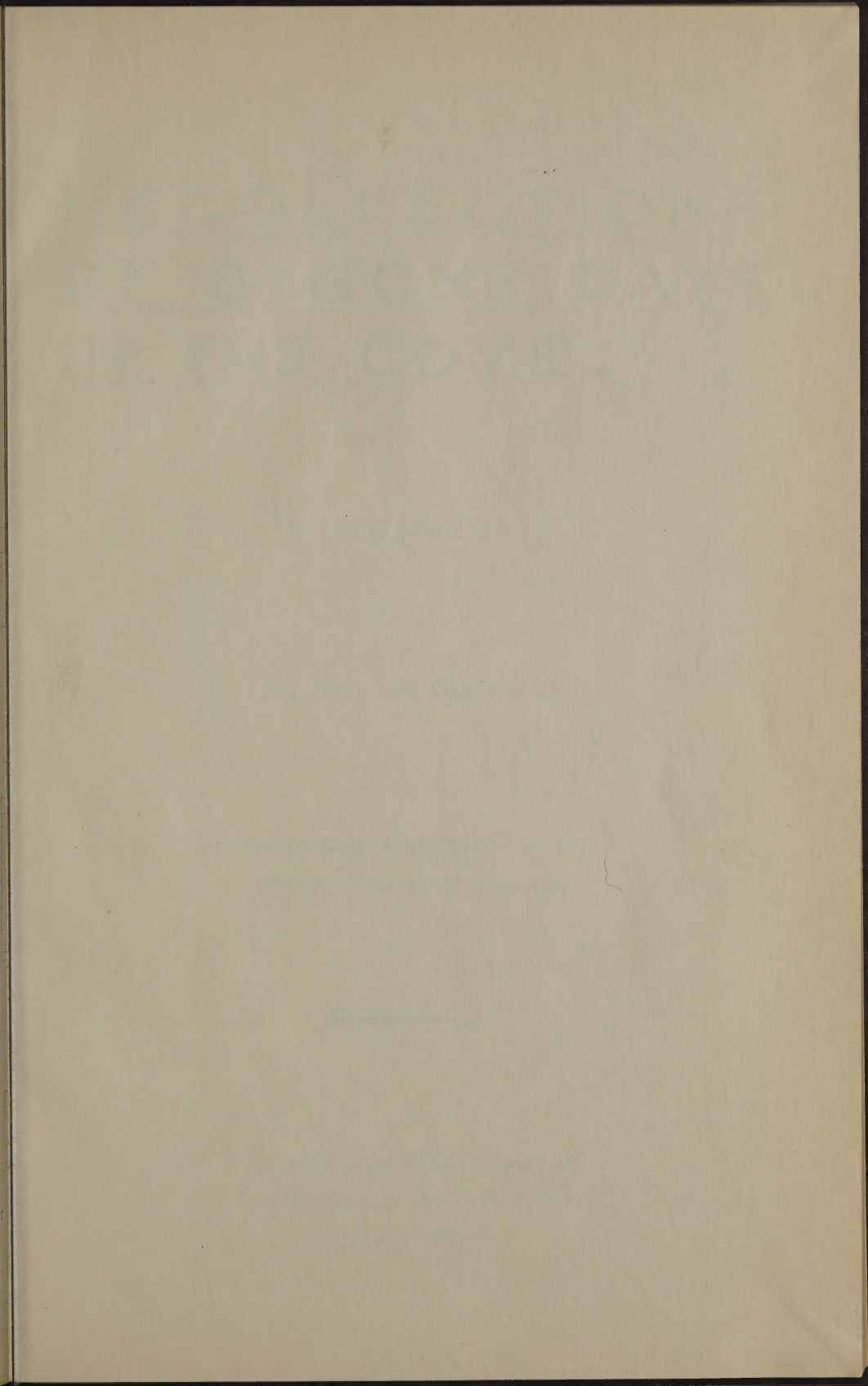
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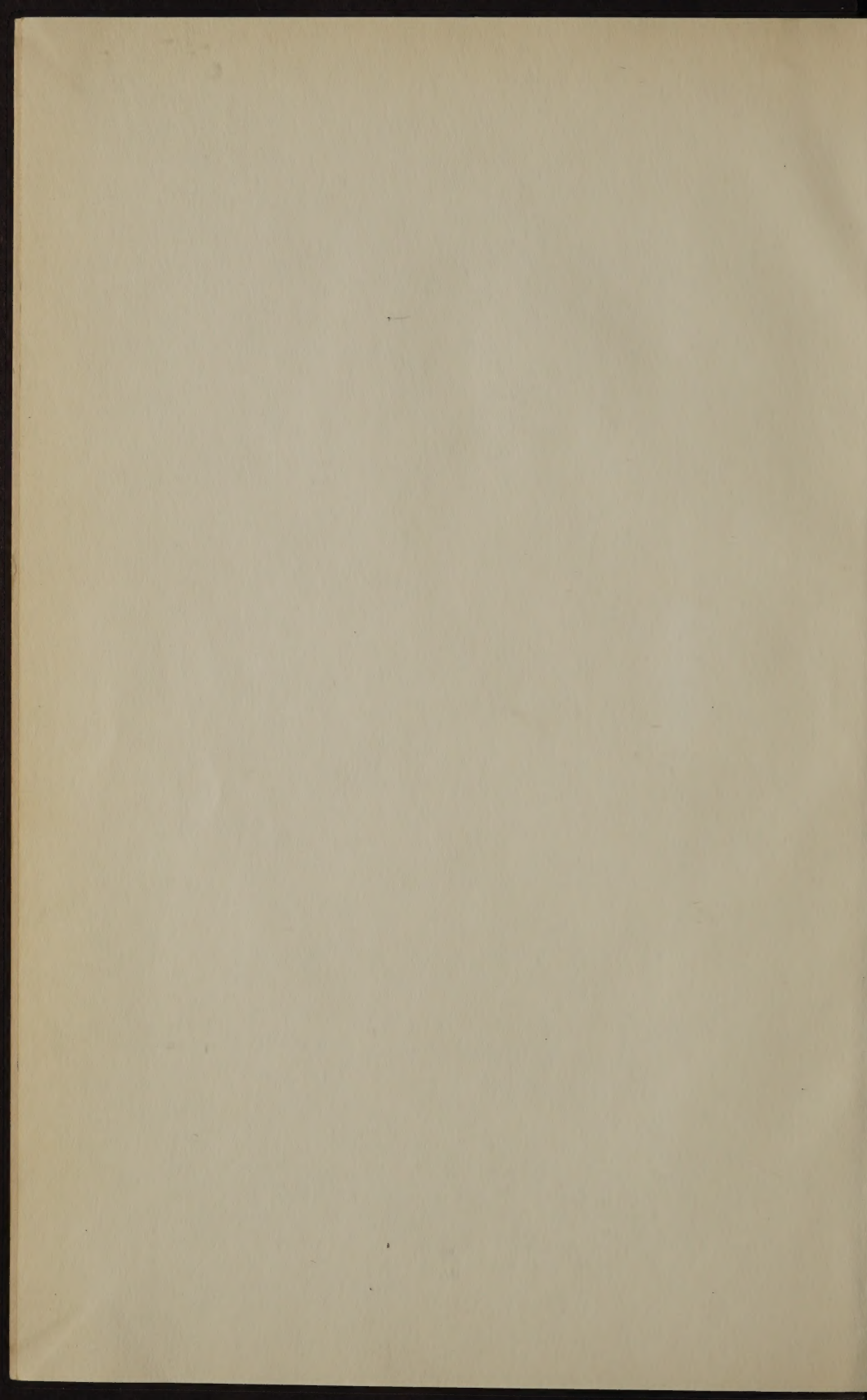
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# RECOLLECTIONS OF BYGONE DAYS IN THE COVE . . . . .

VOLUME 5

*By Ella M. Snowberger*

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN THE  
MORRISONS COVE HERALD

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Another chapter of the rich heritage of folk lore in Morrisons Cove, of the fascinating procession of ghosts, Indians, robbers, local wits and champions of brawn and the hunt that have held listeners in rapt attention when recounted by the older residents of the Cove, has been recorded by Miss Snowberger, and preserved for posterity by The Herald.

Miss Snowberger has found this saga of the Cove so interesting that she felt she would like to pass on to others the yarn of the raconteur, the story of the past, so rapidly passing out from the memory of living men and women.

She is descended on all family lines from pioneer settlers, so she is well fitted by reason of her Morrisons Cove ancestry to write the series of articles embraced in this, the fifth volume of "Recollections of Bygone Days in the Cove." By birth and family tradition the Cove inspires in her the warm affection which we reserve for the place we call home.

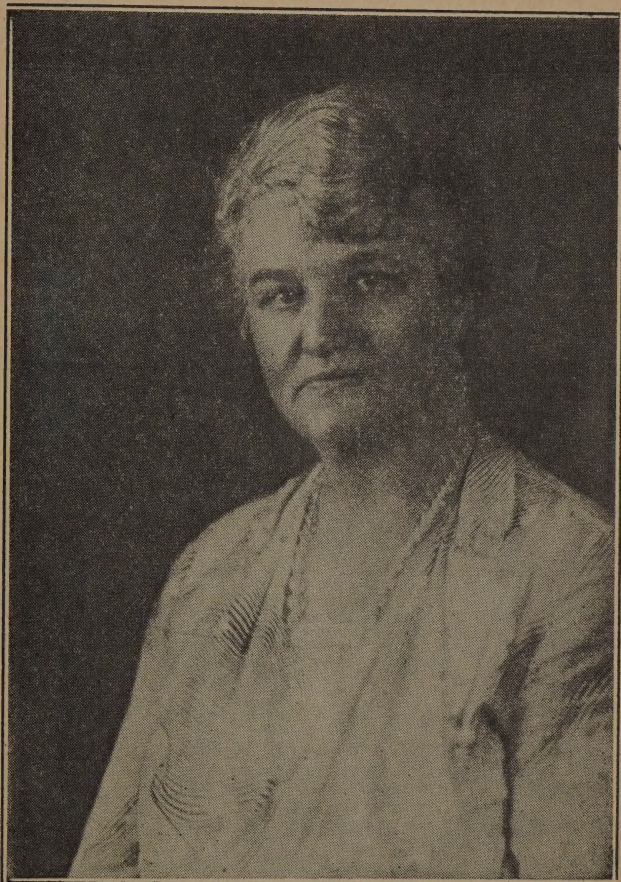
Miss Snowberger is employed in the office of the Register and Recorder of Blair County. Formerly she taught school and for a period of years was a newspaper reporter on the staff of The Altoona Times and The Tribune. Her residence is Curryville.





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THE AUTHOR



ELLA M. SNOWBERGER

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# FOREWORD

The Herald, as a complimentary holiday token to its subscribers takes pleasure in presenting the fifth volume of the series of booklets, *Recollections of Bygone Days in The Cove*, compiled annually from the articles written by Miss Snowberger for our weekly issues.

By thus perpetuating through the medium of the printed page the experiences and recollections of the old folks, The Herald has made accessible to their descendants a valuable collection of family history.

Youth, directing its energies to the exploration of what to each oncoming generation is a brand new world, is prone to forget that the present is a superstructure built on the foundation of the past, that today is the outgrowth of all the yesterdays.

Thus familiarity with the courage, industry and integrity of their forebears charts the course of the young by stimulating the desire to profit by the example of those that have blazed the trail before them.

Furthermore knowledge of local history must necessarily contribute to the happiness of the individual residents by enlarging and increasing the channels of their mental activity.

If in yonder roadside tree, we see nothing but another tree, it does not mean much to the observer. But if we are aware that the noble specimen grew from a withe planted by a pioneer, who had a vision of its shade for generations to come, or that a sprawling heap of stones is the remains of an ancient fortification, interest is awakened. We go on our way just a little better off for having something worth while to think about.

MORRISONS COVE HERALD,

ELMER C. AKE,

Publisher.



## Early School Days At Henrietta

"Still sits the school house by the road,

A ragged beggar sunning.

Around it still the sumacs grow

And blackberry vines are running."

That melancholy delineation of abandonment does not apply to the Henrietta school house of happy memory to Wesley Nicodemus, former pupil and teacher.

It has been transformed instead into a bungalow and is occupied as a dwelling. Even so, every time he sees it, Mr. Nicodemus is struck by a pang of something akin to homesickness for the pleasant days, gone forever, which he spent under its roof.

In 1866, when he was six years old, he started to school there. Coincidentally that was the first term school was held in the building, which was just completed and turned over to public service as an example of up-to-date rural school architecture.

Of the many recollections which come to mind, the one most cherished is the picture of the fifteen year old lad, the young Wesley, with an absorption that excludes everything else from his attention, busily engaged in solving on his slate the arithmetic problems his teacher, Ephraim Kensinger, propounded.

### Did Practical Problems.

Gathered about the teacher's rude table set on the platform at the front of the room, Wesley Nicodemus, Ira Kemp and Wesley Veach figured out the number of bushels of lime in Daddy Jake Smith's lime stack, the bushels of corn it would take to fill Fred Byers' corn crib; how many board feet could be sawed out of the pile of logs ranked up in front of John Hoover's saw mill or how many

acres were in Michael Hartman's wheat field.

That was Ephraim Kensinger's method of teaching. The boys studied the rules in Brook's or Osgood's text books at home or at their desks, but at lesson time they would discard their books, take slate and pencil and, seating themselves at the teacher's desk, would test their knowledge on questions he made up out of his head.

Drawing his examples from the familiar contacts of their every day life, he worked with them problems that put into practical use the principles of practical measurements, square and cube root and the other mathematical brain twisters that filled the back part of the book.

Thus they all worked together informally, learning not so much through the medium of the printed page as from the inspiration of their teacher, who was wise enough to translate the lessons in the book into terms of their personal experience.

### Interest Was Great.

As a result arithmetic class was so interesting that the boys would not have missed it for anything. "Why," says Mr. Nicodemus, "I rather would have done arithmetic than eat a chicken dinner."

All unconsciously every now and then, one of the boys spit on his slate and rubbed out mistakes with the sleeve of his coat, but such a slight infraction of the rules of hygiene went all unnoticed under the magic spell of the mental stimulation engendered by the questions.

In those days the fundamentals in the process of training the young idea how to shoot consisted of the pupils, the teacher, slates and pencils. That seemed to be all the equipment neces-

sary to acquire a thorough knowledge of arithmetic.

While Mr. Nicodemus is the last man in the world to stand in the way of progress, yet he cannot figure out the whys and wherefores of the constantly increasing demands for more and better equipment whose cost keeps school boards in a state of frenzied finance to find out ways and means to dig up the cash to pay for it.

He's quite ready to plead guilty to being an old fogey. Perhaps that is the reason he is unable to see why the modern system of education cannot effectuate unless the school buildings and equipment run up into fancy figures.

It was the same way with grammar. Wesley and his classmates had succeeded in getting hold of some grammar books at home. His was one of Brown's text books.

#### Grammar Was Attractive.

No body these days can imagine with what enthusiasm the boys took up the study of conjugation, declension, analysis and diagraming, or with what vim they argued in class, each supporting his views with glib recitation of rules, definitions and illustrations.

Mr. Nicodemus maintains there is one thing sure about arguing. You've got to know enough about the subject to produce the facts to substantiate your contention. In other words, you have to know your stuff.

Well, the boys got so warmed up about the analysis of a certain sentence that they drew the whole neighborhood into the discussion. Those that knew anything about grammar gave their versions at Morrell's store, the blacksmith shop, postoffice or the new railway station. Those that never heard of grammar before were content to side with the boy who they

thought had the longest head.

Eventually it was decided to settle the question by putting it up to County Superintendent John Stephens on his next visit to the school. Wesley Veach, still unconvinced, wouldn't give up until he had written to Dr. Higbee, superintendent of the state department of instruction. The opinion of this high authority finally settled the question.

Wesley Nicodemus got along well with his teachers. He pays them respectful tribute in remembrance. L. S. Dougherty, Cousin Ann Maria Nicodemus, W. H. Bridenthal, Ephraim D. Kensinger and John Z. Smith, they all were competent, conscientious instructors.

Very clearly, withal painfully, there comes to mind one instance when he was not in perfect accord with his teacher's rules of conduct.

#### Went Sledding On Shoes.

The boys had no skates; no sleds. That winter had been especially marked by snow and ice. During intermission, they amused themselves by sliding over the ice course they had made from the school house to the road.

Getting down on their "hunkers" they made a line by holding on to one another's waists. Taking turns about, the larger fellows, in teams of two, pulled the string of crouching boys over the course.

Oh, it was fine sport. It wasn't long, however, until a storm of protest arose from the patrons. The boys were wearing their shoe soles out. The practice would have to be stopped else there would be trouble to pay.

Teacher Bridenthal declared he'd put a stop to it in short order. Forthwith he forbade further sliding. At the next recess, the boys agreed to disobey.

Wesley and Ira Kemp obeyed half



way. They said they wouldn't slide but they would pull the rest. At books Mr. Bridenthal assigned the two to pulling their comrades in crime down over the school room platform.

The miscreants were ordered to get in line, crouch down and hook their forefingers through their boot lugs. Then Wesley and Ira pulled them down over the edge of the ten inch high platform.

#### **Punishment Was Efficient.**

That was lots of fun for the leaders. They laughed their fill at the cries and grimaces of the poor fellows whose spines were almost jarred loose by the impact with the floor. It wasn't quite so funny when they were ordered to take the same punishment. Thereafter there was no cause for parental complaint on the score of damaged shoe soles.

That was pretty embarrassing. Yet the plight of the boys was not as deplorable as that of the fellows who barred out their teacher.

It happened years before Mr. Wesley Nicodemus was old enough to go to school. But it was such a good joke that it long out-lived the participants.

Exercising the greatest secrecy, several of the big boys made out to go to the school house early on the morning before Christmas and pen the teacher out. They met as planned and set about piling benches and table against the door.

The job being completed, the ring-leader remarked in Dutch to his companions, "I guess that will keep the old devil out."

#### **Miscreant Neatly Trapped.**

Just then the teacher arose from a place of concealment under a bench and said, "I don't think it will."

It is best to draw the curtain at this point out of sympathy for the culprits.

The teacher that term was Henry Nicodemus, the father of the late William Nicodemus, railway ticket agent and store keeper at Curry. In his later years he was in the habit of constantly whistling as he pottered about his home premises.

The whistle never got beyond the attempt of the rankest amateur, being little more than an audible expulsion of the breath. Everyone liked the old gentleman but the boys in the community could not resist the temptation to mimic his comical, wheezy, monotonous whistle.

'P-u, pu, s-i-l, sil, pusil, a-n, an, pusilan, i-i, pusilani, m-o-u-s, mous, pusilanimous."

No sooner had the teacher said, "Next," than Wesley Nicodemus realized that by leaving out one "l" he had broken his record.

He had made a compact with himself that fall that he was not going to miss a word in spelling class throughout the entire term of school.

Very greatly humiliated, he obeyed the rule imposed that the pupils would have to stand on the floor and study until they could spell every missed word correctly. It took Wesley only a second to spell pusilanimous with the necessary "l's" and to this day he could not mis-spell it if he tried.

Thus Wesley applied himself diligently to the study of spelling, very likely conning over the words half-aloud with vigorous lip movement.

That was all right since most of the other pupils were studying in whispers. Silent reading was a new fad the high-up professors were advocating. They were crusading for a method of study without lip motion, making a sound, or so much as rolling the tongue in the cheek.

How they expected youngsters to store facts in their heads without making a noise was beyond under-

standing. Nobody knew what they would think out next. Why, E. B. Dougherty, Teacher Levi Dougherty's son, declared the way he learned his lessons was to study louder than any of the other scholars.

Well, loud or not, Wesley mastered all the words in the spelling book. Night spelling schools were a great occasion. With a tallow candle in one hand and a spelling book in the other, the school master pronouncing jaw breakers with the greatest of ease, was an influential figure in the lad's life, one that aroused his ambition to emulate. Yes, Wesley was going to be a school teacher when he grew up.

#### Took Plenty Exercise.

Of course, he was not so given to study that he forgot to go out to play at intermission. All work and no play not only made Jack a dull boy, it made him a full fledged nuisance.

When the master gave the signal for recess, Wesley joined in the games of town ball and snow ring with as much vim as the rest of them.

Following a newly fallen snow, the boys scuffed large double or triple paths in the form of circles, bisected with lines radiating from the center in the same way as you cut a pie. The catcher stationed at the center watched his chance to catch the runners between the intersections, the latter being safety bases. The runner caught exchanged places with the catcher.

The whole school joined in this game. Their shouts of glee still ring reminiscently in Mr. Nicodemus' ears as one of the happiest sounds that he has ever heard.

Some of the patrons kept a watchful eye on the curriculum for fear that their young hopefuls would over-tax their brains. For that reason a great furore was raised when the study of geography was introduced.

#### Patrons Oppose Geography.

One of the parents declared that, "A boy would have to have a head as big as a horse to put all that stuff in it."

Some of the pupils had studied atlases which contained no data other than maps. But geography, descriptive of the topography of countries, their products and industries, was something new.

Immediately loud protests arose on the score of the needless strain on the immature mind the study of this outlandish, high-falutin subject would entail. It was just an other example of strange book learning the big bugs were foisting on the helpless scholars.

But that was "no patching" to the sensation that was created by the announcement that the study of physiology was required by law.

"What!" cried the affronted patrons, "teach our children about their insides? Why, its downright indecent. Send my girl to school to learn vulgar stuff like that! I guess not. They pick up good-for-nothing information soon enough, without studying it at school. I'll show them."

"What are they up to anyhow," they continued, "trying to make doctors out of our boys? No sir, they're cut out to be farmers. Physolojee is alright for doctors but it haint fit for the likes of young folks in school."

By that time Mr. Nicodemus was teaching school. He began at the age of seventeen, teaching his first term at Law's. Except for a few years when impaired health necessitated giving up the work temporarily, he taught successively for twenty-two years, viz; Law's, three terms at intervals of eleven years apart; two at Stonerook's Hill and fourteen at Henrietta, all in North Woodbury township; one term each at Mt. Joy, near Woodbury, Bull's



Creek in Greenfield township and Stiffler's in Huston Township.

Mr. Nicodemus avoided the Scylla of parental indignation and the Char-ybdis of the law by giving talks several times a week on the subject of hygiene, particularly stressing the evil effects of indulgence in alcoholics.

#### Taught Physiology Tactfully

This was one of the questions that came up for discussion at the semi-monthly teachers' institutes held in North Woodbury township. A full day session was held every other Saturday, making the rounds of the different school buildings. These meetings were forums for the interchange of public opinion.

Patrons living near the school house entertained the teachers at dinner. Mrs. Sol Layman or Mrs. William Layman were the usual hostesses when institute was held at Law's. In spite of the big dinners the ladies all over the district prided themselves in serving, for some inexplicable reason, there were always a few teachers who persisted in carrying their lunch, thus declining the cordial invitations of the generous housewives.

Following assigned essays and general discussion of methods of teaching, which occupied the forenoons, the major part of the afternoon program would be given over to debates on questions of current interest.

L. S. Dougherty, S. L. Haffly, W. S. Spidle and S. B. Smith were formidable forensic teams. Many were the questions they defended or opposed, eloquently and with consummate logic. Their influence in enlightening the public on local and national issues was inestimable.

A subject about which opinion was diverse and heated was Theory of Teaching. This mooted question was

worthy of the steel of the doughtiest institute debaters. Every teacher or prospective teacher was required to take an examination in "Theory" as well as the common school branches.

In addition the applicants for examination were required to give satisfactory evidence of having read Wickersham's School Journal throughout the year. County Superintendent John Stephens lost his usual equanimity on hearing Henry Maddocks' answer to the question, 'What is your opinion of Wickersham's School journal?'

Quick as a flash, Mr. Maddocks replied, 'If you would take Wicker away, sham would be all that would be left.'

#### Penmanship Was Stressed.

Wesley Nicodemus felt some misgivings during his first examination, when he submitted his penmanship specimen. Superintendent Stephens held it up and sighted at it as if he were going to shoot.

You see in those days it was no misnomer to speak of the "art" of penmanship. The students took endless pains to write a fine Spencerian hand, embellished with ornate flourishes and shadings. W. H. Bridenthal had made his pupils take the entire fifteen minute writing period to complete but five lines.

Thus when Superintendent Stephens seemed to be aiming at the bull's eye with young Wesley Nicodemus' hand writing specimen, he was merely judging the slant and the relative height of the letters. He must have found some flaws since he graded it at a one and a half instead of one which indicated there was no room for improvement.

Mr. Nicodemus received a monthly salary of \$27.75 during his first term, the term having been five months long. When one takes into considera-

tion that his board bill at Will Layman's was but \$5.00, he was in funds at that.

The teachers' salaries were a compromise arrived at in a curious way. Each of the six directors, which then comprised the school board, wrote his figure on a slip of paper. The sum total, divided by six, was accepted as the monthly stipend for that year.

One generous hearted member invariably put his figure at \$50. No that he was in favor of paying that princely wage. By no means, but he knew that one of his colleagues was sure to vote for \$15. Consequently the \$50 man merely was trying to pull up the average to a figure he thought a well paid pedagogue should have.

The fear of rebels dogged little Wesley Nicodemus' thoughts night and day. According to the talk of the elders, rebels were momentarily expected. They would kill the people and plunder and burn their homes. The grim fear of an invasion hung like a pall on every home in the Cove.

Born June 18, 1860, the Civil War was fought during the most impressionable years of the child's life. Imaginary rebels hovered behind every briar grown fence, clumps of trees and in the dark beyond the circle of light made by the glimmering candle on the kitchen table after night fall.

On election day the fall Wesley was five years old, his father sent him to bring the cows home. The Nicodemus family lived on what is now the Harry N. Baker farm, north of Henrietta, tenanted by Jesse Beach and family.

The farm was carved out of the wilderness by Wesley's great-grandfather, Frederick Nicodemus, who located there on coming to the cove from Franklin county. The dwelling house on the farm was built by him

at least 118 years ago.

The pasture field to which little Wesley was sent to fetch the cows, was a long way from the house, close to the site of the Mt. Pleasant Reformed church, in fact.

#### Victim of Practical Joke.

A couple of neighborhood roustabouts, who were returning from the election at Martinsburg, loaded to the gills with rye whiskey, seeing the little boy, pounded on the fence with their walking sticks and made threatening gestures to frighten him.

"Sure as fate," thought Wesley, "the rebels!" With all the speed his little legs could muster, he ran for his life. Frightened almost into hysterics, yet the sense of responsibility bred into the farm boy, gripped him so strongly that he never thought to neglect his chore.

Driving the cows before him he took them on a wild chase to the barn. One can imagine the sport the drunken election revelers took in watching the result of their idle prank.

The talk of rebels was relieved by stories of the fervent patriotism of some of the local boys. Mr. Nicodemus remembers of having heard the old folks tell of a brother of the late Aaron Mock who was deprived of his determination to enlist on account of a siege of typhoid fever.

It was said that on hearing the boom of the guns at Gettysburg as he lay on his sick bed, he burst into tears and cried like a child. The enthusiasm of the boys of teen age in the Cove and the nation at large to offer themselves to the juggernaut of war, is one of the marvels of American history.

With the roar of the cannon at Gettysburg sounding in their ears, the fear of the devastation of the Cove by the war was well founded.



#### Four Generations On Farm.

Wesley and his only brother Samuel were the children of Paul Nicodemus and Barbara (Benner) Nicodemus. He is of the fourth generation of his family to have lived on the farm where he was born. His grandfather was Conrad Nicodemus. The pioneer Nicodemus' originally hailed from Baltimore.

They were large land owners, each successive generation pushing its way farther inland in response to the desire to work themselves into farms whose boundaries enclosed many acres.

The hardships necessary to wrest bare subsistence from the land had no terrors for them. Rather, work and discomfort were challenges to their strength of character.

Following days of exhausting toil, as likely as not, their nights were made hideous by the howls of wolves, which were so plentiful in the Henrietta section that farmers had a hard struggle to protect their sheep and hogs from the onslaughts of these night prowlers.

At times weary heads were lifted from restful pillows at the eery wail of a woman's or child's voice borne in from the forest in the cadence of loud weeping. "'Tis only a painter," sighed the sleeper and again sank into repose. "Painters", or panthers slunk their evil way through the wilds, but were never so numerous as to be a menace to human life.

#### Rigid Duties Made Hardy Pioneers

Grandfather Conrad Nicodemus rode horse back to Baltimore frequently on business. On one such trip he cut himself a poplar switch to use as a riding whip.

Following his return home, he acted on an impulse to plant the whip in his front yard. It grew into a tree seventy-five feet tall. Eventually, weakened by age, it had to be

chopped down. Its size was so great that a hay rope was used to guide its fall away from the house.

Such were the experiences of Wesley B. Nicodemus' fore-parents. His heredity, as well as the lessons of accuracy and thoroughness, learned in the "little red school house" have contributed to his traits of thoroughness and trustworthiness.

Whatever the curriculum of that old-fashioned country school may have lacked, the rule of life it inculcated in the minds of the boys and girls was, "Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well."

That has always been Mr. Nicodemus code. In recognition of this characteristic, his neighbors have insisted that throughout his adult life he be the keeper of records. To illustrate: He has served North Woodbury township as assessor for twenty-two years; tax collector in 1886, the year the present law went into effect.

During his early teens he was secretary of the Mt. Pleasant Reformed Sunday school, when it was held in the old "Gospel shop" across the road from the present church. Following active service of twenty years of teaching, he now is teacher emeritus of the Men's Bible class.

With the exception of three years, while he lived in Altoona, he has been a member of the consistory in the capacity of deacon and elder since 1883. Always unassuming and self-effacing, folks are not deceived by his modesty in making a true estimate of his integrity and high principles.

#### Possesses Valuable Records

Among the numerous records is a statement showing that the school house now being used as a dwelling, was built at a cost of \$250.00.

However the record of most outstanding interest is inscribed only on

the tablets of his memory. Such was Mr. Nicodemus' zeal for education that he, in company with D. K. Loose, conceived the idea of conducting a training school for teachers as a voluntary project to improve the standard of the schools.

Thus the teachers in that vicinity met at the Millerstown or Henrietta school house a couple of times a week during the term, perhaps less frequently throughout the summer, and discussed methods of teaching and gave one another test questions designed to probe the accuracy and extent of their knowledge of the common school subjects, as well as to give preparation for passing County Superintendent J. H. Likens' examinations.

The devoted teachers usually met after the close of the day's session at 4 o'clock. Invitations were extended to prospective teachers to join in this self-constituted lyceum for instruction.

Among the leaders were the veteran John Z. Smith, who gave his life to the work and who achieved a notable reputation in the county as an instructor and sympathetic counsellor to youth; George B. Smith, S. B. Smith, Hiram Kemp, John S. Wertman, D. K. Loose, W. B. Nicodemus, L. S. Dougherty, John Baker, David Smouse, J. W. Smouse, Frank Briedenthal and W. H. Holsinger.

So powerful was the influence radiating from this most original of normal schools, that it may be truly said that it was largely responsible for making North Woodbury township a breeding ground for school teachers.

#### Teachers Far Outnumbered Schools.

Even in the 80's there were thirty-nine resident teachers in the district although there were but thirteen schools. The local product so far ex-

ceeded the demand that it became an unwritten law among the district board of directors that they would employ no inexperienced applicant.

Consequently the home brand of school teachers overflowed into the "buckwheat cake and sausage" hill districts in Blair county and even into various other counties, seeking a chance to gain a rating as an experienced pedagogue to qualify them to teach at home.

School letting day assumed the status of a sort of community gathering from the standpoint of the number of applicants. It was nothing unusual for the harassed board to be faced with a young army of as high as from three to seven applicants for each school.

North Woodbury township teachers! Their number is legion. There probably is not a state in the union, which at some time did not have enrolled on its lists of educators, some who claimed this township as their native heath.

#### Training School Efficient.

Referring to the results obtained in the Henrietta training school, Mr. Nicodemus said that, speaking for himself and D. K. Loose, they had Superintendent John H. Likens' standard of professional requirements and grading down so pat that they prognosticated the marks they would make in their state permanent test to within a fourth, as soon as they saw the tests.

Mr. Loose made 11, while Mr. Nicodemus' grade was 11¼. The subjects included the common school branches and the theory and practice of teaching which were separate subjects. One wonders whether the present state conducted teachers' colleges, with their staff of professors and multiplicity of equipment can put up better results than were accomplished by



the self-help, round table discussion and enthusiasm of the Henrietta teachers' training school.

Wesley B. Nicodemus was married to Miss Sybella Snyder, daughter of Christopher Murray Snyder and Catharine (Bookhamer) Snyder, October 6, 1881. They are the parents of two daughters, Maud Nicodemus, at home, and Barbra Kathryn, wife of George A. Steward, whose home adjoins that of Mr. and Mrs. Nicodemus.

Mr. and Mrs. Steward have two children, Helen Isabelle, wife of Ralph A. McDowell, of Pittsburgh, and John W. Steward, who resides with his parents.

### 3 Generations of 2 In Family.

One notes the curious coincidence of the three succeeding generations in which there are but two children, viz; Grandfather Paul Nicodemus' children

were Wesley B. and Samuel B. Nicodemus. The latter died fourteen years ago. Miss Maud Nicodemus and Mrs. Steward comprise the second generation and Mrs. McDowell and her brother John W. Steward, the third generation of two members.

Mr. and Mrs. McDowell have one child, small Sally Ann, who is the delight of the great-grandparents, as well as the other kin down through the family line.

As a representative product of the old-fashioned school, Mr. Nicodemus affords a good example of the worth of a system of education which is about to make its exit from this stage of action, but which leaves behind a record at which modern critics sneer only to reveal their lack of fairness in not giving just credit where credit is due.

## Past Christmasses in Morrisons Cove

Just supposing Santa Claus should come down the chimney with an empty stomach instead of a sack full of lavish gifts, what would Young America think of that?

Well, that's what he used to do. When he made his rounds on Christmas Eve, he expected the folks to entertain him to refreshments and all he gave in return were some peanuts and hard candy which he scattered indiscriminately over the floor.

At least that was how old Santa's kinsfolk, the Bell Schnickles, used to spread Christmas cheer. As likely as not Santa, from the peak of the great affluence he now enjoys, would look down on the Bell Schnickles as the black sheep of his family.

The mention of Bell Schnickle will evoke some reminiscent chuckles on the part of the older folks in the Cove. Roving bands of young fellows, wearing "false faces," or in the ab-

sence of such, with red bandannas drawn over their faces beneath the eyes, and with their coats turned inside out, or otherwise dressed outlandishly, went from house to house on Christmas Eve.

### Children Feared Bell Schnicklers.

It must be confessed that their presence, as likely as not, inspired terror in the minds of the youngsters in the family. Instead of going to bed to conjure visions of stockings filled with good things and a multiplicity of expensive toys clustered at the foot of a resplendent Christmas tree, little Johnny and his sister Mary crept shiveringly to bed, drawing the covers over their heads to keep out the "boogies" that were on their trail to do them bodily harm.

The late Martin Bonner, ventriloquist and local wit, of Martinsburg, was a Santa Claus in the style of jolly old St. Nick, patron saint of the

children, who brought wished-for presents, making his calls presumably in a sleigh drawn by Donner and Blixen and their companion reindeer.

In cooperation with the parents of good little boys and girls Krish Kingle Bonner came to the homes Christmas Eve, bringing presents of sleds, horns and drums for the boys and dollies for the girls.

He arrived before the children went to bed, as Joe Crissman, pleasantly recollects, presenting his gifts with a running accompaniment of chatter that delighted little ones and grown-ups alike. There was no question in the minds of the boys and girls but that they were receiving a visit from St. Nick himself.

#### Deep Snows Enjoyed.

If Christmas day happened to be favored with one of the deep snows, the old-fashioned winters were famous for, frozen over with a hard crust, what a glorious time the Martinsburg boys had with their new sleds.

Owing to the town's elevation, they had their choice of long steep slopes. Of course, any old fellow will tell you that the hills were higher and steeper when he was a boy. At any rate, if old Mother Nature was in a sulk, and hadn't mantled the earth with a glazed crust firm enough to bear up a sled, there was always the "big road" dipping down the Ebersole hill west of town. That is one hill that has not lost either elevation or steepness even in the reminiscent eyes of seventy-odd.

The boys that hadn't sleds did not envy their more prosperous pals. No sir, they did their sliding on a bundle of rye straw. Ooh-oo-oh! Talk about speed, that was it. They simply whizzed. And if they failed to stick on tight, they whirled off and rolled like a top. That was all right, too, unless they were stopped by a fence post or a rock jutting above the crust. Brok-

en bones, even death itself lurked there then.

#### Children Asked Few Presents.

Had the many-voiced Martin Bonner Santa received a letter asking for all the things the average child of today asks for—Trains, trucks, velocipedes, talking dolls, dishes, furniture, this, that and the other thing, making a list as long as an arm, it would have rendered him so breathless, he would have lost every voice he had.

Children had not been trained to ask for everything they saw. The family pocket book did not permit, neither was it the fad to make the holiday a spending spree, leaving an aftermath of unpaid bills, as the Christmas ghost that refused to be laid low.

So when the Bell Schnickles came to the house bringing a few peanuts and pieces of stick candy, the children would have considered it a great breach of hospitality if Mother had not passed around a platter of cookies and doughnuts and Father had failed to do the honors with chestnuts and perhaps a pitcher of cider.

Their wants were few and simple. Furthermore a fast moving mechanical era had not bereft them of the hard headed conviction that "Yes, there is no Santa Claus." The idea of getting something for nothing somehow did not jibe with their sense of the way this dizzy old world is run.

Had any little girl sixty or more years ago, who belonged to a family of average circumstances, been so rash as to ask for a silk dress, she would have been made the subject for a lecture on the uselessness of having aspirations beyond her station in life.

Of course, silk at that time was the hall mark of wealth, but just to show how tired the little girls got of wearing the same kind of dress over and over again, day in and day out, Mrs. Wesley Nicodemus, of Henrietta, tells



an incident of her girlhood by way of illustration.

#### Changed Dress Patterns.

Little Sybilla Snyder, for that was her name, and her sister wore blue drilling dresses for every day. One day as they discussed together their longing to wear something different, they hit upon the happy idea of making polka dots in their dresses.

They took them off, and drawing the cloth over a stone, they made rings on it by pounding it with a hammer. They thought the effect was grand. But when the polka dots fell in holes after washing, they thought less of their invention because they both caught a whipping.

Christmas being over, the Bell Schnickles gave place to fantasies. These rode horse back. Large parties of young men, masked and fantastically attired, ushered in the New Year by riding from town to town.

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed some of the onlookers, "that's Cap Dilling on his Pap's horse. You can't fool me on that old bay of theirs."

"No, it haint," countered some one more observant, "it's the horse all right, but the fellow riding him haint the build of Cap. They've traded horses."

#### Knew Every Man's Horse.

A man's horse was as well known in a community as the owner. Therefore to better disguise their identity, the young men frequently exchanged horses.

They were figures to create fear in many a juvenile heart, but only girls were big enough afraid cats to run and hide. The small boys put on a brave show of courage, brazenly exclaiming, "Huh, they don't scare me none. I haint afraid of false faces," even though they were ready to run away, too.

And if that did not give their fill of celebrating, the young men of the period had Old Christmas night to fall back on. That was January 6th, the date of Christmas by the old style calendar reckoning.

A carry-over of old country superstition, some of them, particularly those of German descent, kept watch in the barns to hear the animals speak the language of their masters.

At the stroke of midnight, all things being propitious, the horse and the cows, tradition averred, were given speech and would converse together. Their revelations boded either good or ill fortune to the listeners who had been obliged to keep the strange vigil without uttering a sound. Otherwise they would have broken the spell.

## "Hired Girl" Days of Woodbury Woman

"My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

Amanda Brandt's heart thrilled to the measured cadences of America's hymn as the Salemville band broke into full harmony

It was not alone the music but the sentiment of the words that moved her.

"My, but that is a pretty tune. I am going to learn it right away," she thought to herself as she started to

hum in unison with the band.

She was at her first picnic. It was the first band she had ever heard and the first time she had heard the song.

The picnic was held by the Fritchville and Salemville Sunday schools many years ago.

People of today would wonder what the girl, who had "worked out" from the time she was eight years old, had to feel patriotic about.

Had you asked her she would have been quick to answer that she was happy because she earned her living and ate her bread in independence.

#### Parents Were German.

Her parents, Ignats and Catharine (Metz) Brandt, humble German folks had immigrated to America, asking nothing further of the new land than an opportunity to work. They settled on a small farm near Lafayettesville and perhaps a mile from the still house. The distillery was a land mark by which distance and directions were reckoned in that section.

Mr. Brandt was a weaver. By dint of working all day long at weaving coverlets for his customers, he was able to provide no more than the bare necessities of life for his family.

Thus when a neighbor, burdened with the cares of a farm household and three young children asked Mr. and Mrs. Brandt to let eight year old Amanda come to live with her and mind the children, they consented.

To Amanda, "working out" was an adventure. Never having been anywhere, she looked on it as an opportunity to see the world.

Packing her one Sunday dress, highly prized because it had red stripes, in a sparse bundle of belongings, the little girl gaily went to her new home. In addition to minding the babies, she carried in the wood, ran chores and washed dishes, in return for bed and board but no clothes.

#### Worked Under Difficulties.

It was understood that she was to do up the breakfast dishes while the woman of the house milked the cows. Unable to find the dish cloth the first morning she was at the new place, Amanda got the dish pan, water and soap and proceeded to wash the dishes with her bare hands. A task set, was a task to be done. It never occurred to her to delay until she could

ask where the dish cloth was kept.

There was but little time to play. The only dolls she knew were the three live-wire babies she was obligated to keep out of mischief.

Work and no play made her so tired that when bed time came she slept soundly the night through. At that, she thought she was pretty well off as hired girl without wages until her precious Sunday dress was burned.

Ah! The red in it made it the prettiest dress a little girl could have. She took such good care of it. But alas! it was doomed for a sad end.

#### Sunday Dress Burned.

One Monday morning, after her employer had set the big iron kettle to boil over an open fire in the yard and had sorted the clothes into heaps, ready to wash, the wind blew Amanda's Sunday dress into the fire and it was destroyed.

Thereafter she did without a best dress because the woman she worked for did not consider it her duty to replace it.

Nowadays, if it should become known that a girl going to school had nothing in her lunch basket but a couple of half frozen buckwheat cakes for her noon meal, such a to-do would be raised that it would be used as a sob story on the front page of our newspapers. Welfare societies would take up the matter; probably Harrisburg and Washington itself would take a hand in it.

At one of the places where Amanda Brandt worked, the house wife daily put the buckwheat cakes left over from breakfast into the girl's little basket to eat for lunch. Nor were they spread with butter and molasses. To avoid chiding for not eating them all, she threw them into the bushes which mantled the worm fence running alongside the road to school.



Viewed in retrospect after the passing of more than seventy years, the gentle, composed old lady that school girl of long ago has grown into, remarks: "The woman, you see, couldn't have been a very good housekeeper."

#### Recollections Not Bitter.

No bitterness tinges her comment. On the contrary, she laughs at the recollection. Had anyone offered her better fare, it would have been against her self-respect to accept.

After having progressed thus far, it might be well to explain that the Amanda Brandt, who started to make her own living at eight, is now Mrs. Amanda Gates, living south of Woodbury.

Born January 10, 1851, she celebrated her eighty-fifth birthday anniversary the other week. Happy and secure in the comfortable farm home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Grace, she delights to tell of her experiences as hired girl.

Her love of fun divests the story of the sordidness of some of her employers, and the hardships she endured so cheerfully. As she tells it, it is for the sake of the contrast between then and now. One gets the impression that she merely feels that life played a sort of joke on her.

Her face is lined. But the marks time has scored show gallant courage as well as the disposition to make the best of things.

When her memory harks back to her childhood home, she visions her father at his loom and her mother knitting stockings. At such times as Father Brandt was not weaving coverlets, he wove the cloth from which mother made the clothes for the family.

Of all the handsome coverlets he made, not one could be kept by his hard-working wife for her own use, because his remuneration was so

meager that it took every penny he could scrape together to support his family.

#### Well Trained In Thrift.

The training in thrift and frugality acquired in that immigrant household, are something beyond modern rules of arithmetic. We all argue that two and two make four, but the Brandts somehow could add it up to six.

If you don't believe it, how else could Amanda, out of her wages of fifty cents up to a dollar a week, have saved enough to fill her hope chest with a half dozen woolen comforts, quantities of quilts, sheets, pillow cases, towels, chaff ticks and braided rugs, besides the purchase of a sewing machine, rag carpet and furniture.

This was her bridal dowry, bought and paid for by herself, that she brought to her own home on the day she married Milton Clay Gates, Dec. 8, 1880.

In dry weather all signs of rain fail.

Well Mrs. Amanda Brandt Gates remembers how anxiously she scanned the sky in the hope that clouds were gathering. For during those summers when she was employed by the dry farmers nothing would have made her happier than a rainy day.

Dry farmers. Aha, that's something to prick the ears of our present day agriculturists, as well as their sons, the future farmers who are combining the science learned out of books with dad's hard earned practical experience.

"Why," say they doubtfully, "we never knew those old chaps ever practiced dry farming."

As a matter of fact they were not dry farmers in the sense of experimenting with ways to conserve the moisture in the soil. They were dry only during summer droughts when their cisterns were empty.

### Water Sources Scarce.

It was tough luck for the hired girl when no water was forth coming to her bearing down on the pump handle, because when the supply in the cistern was exhausted, there was not another drop on the place except what the men hauled in by wagon.

Then Amanda had to contrive to wash the dishes and clothes clean and scrub the porch and floors white with the least possible quantity of water. Needless to say, water was a scarce article when the women of the household were obliged to depend on the men to haul it.

One wonders at the makeshifts resorted to and the inconveniences our earlier farmers endured before the advent of the mechanical well driller. They dug cisterns and reservoirs or ponds to impound the surface water from melting snow and the heavy spring rains.

When droughts consumed all their stored water, they drove their cattle to the nearest source of water and laboriously hauled what was needed for household use. All the time and hardships involved raises the question in one's mind whether it would not have been easier in the long run to have dug wells. But somehow they preferred to trust that sooner or later rain would fall.

Amanda did not mind driving the cows to water unless it was so far that the poor animals became thirsty again before they had completed the long trek back home.

### Enjoyed Outdoor Life.

Otherwise it was a little vacation from house work. She loved the out-of-doors. As she drove the cattle, she usually gave vent to a lighthearted mood by singing lustily the hymns and songs she knew.

At one place she worked, they drew up a dead rat out of the cistern. But as it was all the water they had, they simply ignored the creature, and

thought of pleasanter things when they took a drink.

Even to this day it is a pleasure to Mrs. Gates to recall a remark made by Mrs. William Layman, late of Curryville, on the occasion of a visit made by this grand old lady to Mrs. John Stern for whom the then Amanda Brandt was working.

A well of sparkling, never failing water on the Layman farm guaranteed the owners against the hardships incident to scarcity.

Observing with approval the bone-white cleanliness of the porch boards at the Stern home, Mrs. Layman exclaimed: "My goodness! You people that have no water live cleaner than we do."

You see Amanda Brandt was proud of her efficiency. She took the same pains to her white wash, clean scrubbed floors or in cooking a chicken potpie dinner as an artist in painting a picture.

Hard work for the pittance of a dollar a week was not drudgery. The satisfaction she took in doing her work well was a greater compensation than anything that could be measured in dollars and cents.

### Leisure Was Lacking.

There wasn't much leisure in the day wedged full of house work, gardening or raking hay in the fields with a hand rake, to commit to memory the Scripture verses she recited so fluently at Sunday school.

Usually she was too sleepy to keep her eyes open for any length of time after knitting and sewing in the evenings. However at a place where she shared her room with a young school girl, the two had made a regular habit of reading the Bible and memorizing a verse or more each evening as a relaxation at bed time.

The girls' room was rather isolated from the remainder of the second floor, since the only access to it was by a back stairway leading up from



an entry on the ground floor. The girls always locked the door securely as a protection against marauders who might be prowling about the premises.

One night, Amanda sat so long at her Bible study that her roommate, overcome with weariness, went to bed and soon had fallen asleep.

Suddenly the silence of the night was broken by long drawn out snores emanating from under the bed. Spook, house breaker or what other thing of evil could be secreted in that lonely room so far removed from the other sleeping rooms!

#### Faced Apparent Danger.

Amanda was frightened stiff, but her good German pluck would not let her surrender to her first panic of fear. So instead of bolting out the door and down the steps, she stooped right over and looked under the bed.

What she saw was old Rover, the dog, asleep, snoring most likely in time to his dreams of chasing rabbits. In her relief at finding such a ridiculous source of her fright, she routed the dog out of the house in double quick time.

During the years she worked out, Mrs. Gates knit stockings, sewed carpet rags and braided rugs by the light of fat lamps, to be succeeded by what seemed to her the vastly more brilliant light of tallow candles.

The candles shone the brighter by reason of the fact that she made them herself. She became quite proficient in turning out smooth, solid tallow candles that looked almost as beautiful as their cousins, the costlier wax candles.

With the advent of the oil lamp, she was glad to bid adieu to her prized home-made candles, because it was plain to see that they had to yield to improvement. In turn, the oil lamps, which imposed the task of keeping the chimneys polished until they

sparkled, gave place to electric lights.

In Mrs. Gates' earlier years, any woman, entering a strange house, could tell at first glance whether the housekeeper was cleanly or slipshod. Her lamp chimneys told the tale.

#### Schools Greatly Changed.

But nowhere has improvement been so apparent, declares Mrs. Gates, as in our public schools and the methods of teaching.

When she went to the Snyder school, walking through the woods two miles to get there, she sat on a slab bench in front of a long desk built against the wall. At study, the pupils sat facing towards the center of the room, keeping bolt upright and holding their books in their hands. No lounging or lolling.

Wishing to write on their slates or fools cap paper, they arose, turned, stepped over the bench and bent over the desk. Except when writing, the pupils did not use the desk.

In spite of the greatly increased ease and comforts of life made possible by burden lifting inventions, Mrs. Gates does not believe people are happier today than were the folks of the back breaking era of her youth.

She says, the more people have, the more they want. Anyway happiness is not dependent on wordly possessions. It is a thing of the spirit—and keeping busy.

#### Devoted To Church.

Since the days she snatched time to study the Bible while she churned butter or while she got ready to go to bed, Mrs. Gates has been a devout member of the Methodist church. Until age precluded, she was active in the Ladies' Aid and other church activities.

Following their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Gates moved to a farm in Jack's Corner, south of Loysburg Gap and from that time until Mr. Gates' death, fifteen years ago, the home was the

center and boundary of Mrs. Gates' life.

From the fact that she made each of her children seven or eight quilts, in addition to stacks of braided rugs and several comforts apiece, one can well imagine there was little idle time on her hands.

She says she was a dyed-in-the-wool stay at home. She loved to entertain her friends and no guest needed to have any fear that a pull on the latch string would only arouse echoes in an empty house.

#### Enjoyed Ohio Visit.

She was always at home. As a matter of fact, she laughingly makes confession that she never was outside the limits of her home section, except once. That time she made a trip in company with her daughter, Mrs. James McQuaid, to the latter's home in Mansfield, Ohio.

Needless to say she enjoyed the new sights and meeting strange people, but the most interesting experience was having dinner served on the train. The idea of its being cooked on the train and served by colored waiters, was so unusual that it made her feel that she never had tasted such good food.

By listening to Mrs. Gates tell her early experiences, it gives one a sense of the self-reliance and uncomplaining

fortitude which tided her, as well as her contemporaries, over what we would regard as insuperable privations.

She says they even had to endure a toothache as best they could. Granny or some one else plugged the cavity with cotton soaked in clove oil or else a hot hop bag was held against the face. No one thought to go to a dentist except when a tooth absolutely had to be pulled. Most of the old people in her girlhood days simply had let their teeth decay down to the gums.

Mrs. Gates lives with her daughter Mrs. Grace Grace, wife of Elmer Grace, on the Grace farm south of Woodbury. She remarked to the interviewer that if she had had any inkling that Grace would marry a Grace, she would have given her some other name that would not sound so much as if you were stuttering.

She has had the blessing of raising all her children to maturity. They are Mrs. Mary McQuaid, of Mansfield, Ohio; Mrs. Laura Wolf, wife of Warren B. Wolf, of Altoona; Logan Gates, of Everett; Mrs. Anna Miller, wife of D. Ralph Miller, of Roaring Spring; Mrs. Sue Dinan, wife of Frank G. Dinan of Long Island, N. Y., and Mrs. Grace.

## Family Tradition Is Vindicated

Family tradition is vindicated. Tales of our early history handed down by word of mouth from generation to generation, after all, may be as reliable as the written word.

Such was my thought as I finished reading a book written by a personal observer of the Thirteen Colonies and their military operations during the last few years of the Revolutionary War.

It was written by a French noble-

man, the Marquis de la Chastellux, and published in 1783. The book was lent to the present writer by Floyd Hoenstine, Registrar of Veterans Graves of Blair county, whose incomparable library of rare and valuable historical works, has frequently been a source of great pleasure to her.

Written as a diary, and thus not intended for the public eye, the Marquis' shrewd comment, can be accorded at least the merit of sincerity. The



purpose of his American tour was primarily to act as military adviser to Revolutionary army engineers.

As he traveled on horseback from fortification to fortification and from one battle field to another, he confesses the utmost surprise at the adaptability of the colonists who, even in that early time, had accomplished wonders in the wilderness.

He gives the impression that while he may have come to sneer at the barbarians, he remained to admire both them and their works.

#### Entertained In Fine Homes.

In the seaboard cities he was entertained in the fine homes of the first families, whose fortunes were made by shrewd yankee trading in rum and slaves. He describes his surprise at the costly mahogany furniture and silverware which compare favorably with the appointments in the high class European homes.

The wonder that never ceases, as his agile pen inscribes his impressions, is the efficiency with which the settlers spread out into the wilderness, desert, as he calls it. Riding over rough trails through uninhabited country at the rate of thirty-six miles of travel a day, fighting the discomfort of "small hail mixed with rain" (the word sleet evidently being unknown to him) he unexpectedly comes upon one isolated clearing after another.

The farmer, miles away from his nearest neighbor as likely as not was able to supply the traveler with food, lodging, cider and blacksmith repairs. All any settler needed was enough money to buy a few hundred acres of land at a flipney or something like that an acre, a cow, a horse, an ox and a few cooking utensils.

As soon as he arrived to take possession of his land the settlers already established in the township assembled together and made a frolic out of cutting down trees and helping

the newcomer put up his cabin. Thus in forty-eight hours or less the new family were snugly ensconced in their home, with no expense to them beyond setting up a hand out of cider or grog. No one, wrote the French nobleman, was isolated in the desert because, no matter how far the nearest settlers might be, they lent a helping hand.

#### Americans Easy Marks.

This disposition to cooperate and play the good neighbor, probably is the reason why Europeans ever since have been playing us Americans for suckers.

On the marquis' journey to Boston, he is amazed at seeing droves of cattle being brought in to the city as a free-will offering to provide food for the army. The colonial governments being practically bankrupt, assessed the land owners with a certain number of pounds of beef they would be required to furnish to feed the soldiers.

Depending on the number of cattle a man had, he donated a calf or a couple of oxen. These were driven on the hoof to the armies by volunteer drovers, the herd having been added to enroute until it had grown to great proportions.

Everywhere he went, the spirit of the ragged soldiers evoked his unstinted admiration. Unpaid, and with scarcely enough rags to cover them, the Frenchman was convinced that the British, or no other enemy, could conquer them. One company in the vicinity of West Point was so bad off that they hid behind trees when the marquis arrived because they were stark naked.

West Point climaxed his amazement. Rhapsodizing about its strategic position and the impregnable fortifications which had been built without cost by the hands of half-naked soldiers and which could not have been duplicated in Europe except

at the outlay of hundreds of thousands of dollars, he remarks it was no wonder that the horse trader Arnold, raised to a general, tried to swap it to the British.

#### Washington Was Praised.

General Washington won his highest praise, both as a commander and a gentleman. Martha Washington, he dismissed briefly, as being kindly,

Colonial eating habits were a little too robust to suit the marquis. Meat, meat of this kind and that, morning, noon and night. So much meat, it was overwhelming. General Washington sat at table, when not on the march or field for a couple hours. After the cloth was removed, it was customary for him to linger for another hour or so to crack hickory nuts and chat with his staff.

Commencement exercises at the University of Pennsylvania interested him because of the oratory displayed by the graduates. No matter what the subject, or whether they discoursed in Greek or Latin, the young men took opportunity to make reference to their hatred of the British.

Oddly enough the visitor took no pains to conceal his contempt for the Quakers, whom he called sneaks and hypocrites, ready to sell out to the side that offered the highest bid.

A conversation with Samuel Adams was a high light of the book. Discussing the philosophy of colonial government with the great American patriot, the marquis pointed out that in a Republican form of government, power would reside either in the rich or the military.

But Adams brushed this opinion aside by the argument that the mass of the people would keep control through the ballot and because military service was voluntary.

#### Leaders Had High Motives.

The Frenchman's unbiased praise for the leaders of the American cause proves that they were guided solely

by motives of public welfare, with no desire to play politics for their personal advantage, modern debunking biographers to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Exceptions were Robert and Governor Morris. He appraised these financiers as money changers, pure and simple. Although Robert Morris furnished the cash that saved the infant nation, he got it back—with interest.

Outside of the Quakers, the marquis was soured on colonial weather. There was entirely too much of it and it went from one extreme to another. He never could tell in the morning what the day would bring forth.

In the summer it was too hot. In the winter too cold. Between seasons there were the "small hail stones mixed with rain" to make life miserable.

Philadelphia, owing to its solid rows of brick buildings and brick sidewalks, was unbearably hot in summer. The common people, over-heated, he said drank great quantities of cold water at the public pumps, many of them falling dead. In spite of this fearful object lesson, they took no heed and continued to seek relief by drinking dangerously of the cold water.

#### Admired Washington's Strategy.

While in the main the marquis commended Washington's military strategy, he disapproved of the campaign at Germantown on the grounds that too much time was wasted on the bombardment of the Chew house.

He tells the amusing story of two young French officers, who, thirsting for glory, resolved to take the house single handed. Acting on hastily devised plans, one was to break through the door while the other was to climb through a window and attempt to burn it down.

The latter, succeeding in gaining entry, took the British defenders so completely by surprise that for a



moment they were too dumbfounded to act. One of the redcoats laid hands on the intruder to take him prisoner.

#### Shot Wrong Man.

At the same time a fellow officer in his excitement aimed his pistol and shot, not the enemy, but his British captor. In the confusion incident to this unusual circumstance, the young Frenchman turned about and walked back to the American lines. Afraid of ridicule, his dignity would not let him run. Amazingly, he escaped the expected bullet in the back and came through unscratched.

Another example of heroism the writer relates is that of a British spy who sought to deliver a message to General Clinton. Mis-directed, he learns of the location of Clinton's command, only to find when he asks for General Clinton that he is in an American camp and has come into the presence of the wrong Clinton.

Seeing his mistake he swallows the message which had been secreted in a silver bullet. Keen eyes detect the act. An emetic is administered. The silver bullet with its incriminating message is recovered and the spy is hanged.

## Early Incidents of Williamsburg Section

A stove, a pre-Revolutionary war tragedy and a soldier of the Civil War are three pretty widely separated subjects.

Nevertheless they are the predominant memories of childhood days to Mrs. Sally Spealman, of Williamsburg.

To take them in their sequence, we'll describe the stove first. That stove was fearfully and wonderfully made. It was in a class by itself. In all her life Mrs. Spealman has since seen no stove in any way resembling it.

It stood in the kitchen of her father's farm house, now known as the Blair Treese farm property situated west of Williamsburg. Tall, its cast iron bulk held a commanding position on a three cornered box platform painted red.

The oven, shaped like a huge drum, with doors at either side, was at the back of the stove towering in front of the chimney towards the ceiling. Ah! the multitude of big, light crusty brown loaves of bread, the endless pies and shoals of cookies, Mother Loudon baked in that curious looking oven.

Mrs. Spealman feels a reminiscent sharpening of the appetite at thought of them.

There were eight children in the Thomas Loudon family. In addition there were numerous workmen employed from time to time and seldom a day passed that the latch string of that hospitable home was not pulled by visitors. Therefore the cookie jar was never empty and the pie shelf rarely was bare of fresh or dried apple and berry or custard pies.

#### Thrilled By Indian Story.

In the evenings, when work was done, little Sally and her brothers and sisters never tired of hearing the story of Thomas Coleman, the Indian fighter. Thomas Coleman was the children's great-great uncle.

How they thrilled to the story as father told it. Much repitition only made it more interesting. Thomas and Michael Coleman lived in a frontier cabin not far distant from where Altoona is now. One fateful spring day, while the Coleman family was boiling maple sap into sugar, the two young men, Thomas and Michael, took advantage of the weather to go hunting.

Anxious to contribute his share to the family larder their little brother watched over the bubbling kettle. On the return of the hunters, they found their cabin devastated by Indians, with no sign visible of their brother.

Search revealed his dismembered body boiled in the syrup in the sugar kettle.

#### Lived For Revenge.

From that time Thomas Coleman dedicated his life to exacting vengeance. His prowess was so great that the Indians individually and in mass had a wholesome fear of him. They nicknamed him "Old Coley."

Throughout Scotch Valley and in the region about what is now Hollidaysburg, Thomas Coleman led expeditions against the savages and a succession of notches in his gun attested to the accuracy of his marksmanship. He went so close that when he took aim, a red skin was sure to bite the dust.

With the blood of Thomas Coleman in his veins, Margaret's brother James was moved to lay aside his studies in school and run off to serve in the army during the Civil War although he was only sixteen years of age.

Father Loudon brought him back before he enlisted and thereafter locked up the boy's clothes to prevent his running off again. In spite of the precautions, James ran off the second time and joined the army. His father, convinced that further restriction was useless, made no effort to bring him back in this instance.

The boy served his enlistment, participated in a number of the hard fought battles during the course of Sherman's march through Georgia and the other southern states to the sea, and came off without a scratch.

#### Endured Home Sickness.

Perhaps, the most severe battle of all was his fight against home sickness. The malady got so much the better of him that he begged leave of

absence of the captain of his company just long enough to go home and see his folks. Just to say hello to them all and good-by, would be enough, he pleaded. But the officer, although he was a close personal friend, maintained that:

"This is war. You'll have to make the best of it. It is as much the duty of a good soldier to fight homesickness as the enemy." James was soldier enough to take himself in hand to such good effort that his home-sickness wore off, never again to get the better of him during the remainder of the war.

Captain Bell was a member of the family of Bells after whom Bellwood was named and which owned the furnace at Sabbath Rest.

#### Origin of "Sabbath Rest".

Sabbath Rest. That name suggests another story. As a matter of fact Mrs. Spealman was born at Sabbath Rest, her family remaining there until she was six years old. For a time her father was employed at the furnace.

At a time when all the other iron furnace operators, Mr. Bell's competitors, worked continuously, day and night throughout the seven days of the week, he ruled that his furnace would shut down on Sundays. Therefore from the name, Sabbath Rest, originated.

Mrs. Spealman clearly remembers the consternation in her family on the day the news came of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. From the fact of the service of her two brother in the war and their great admiration for the martyred president, the Loudon family felt a personal loss.

Of course, they were not alone in their sorrow. The whole country mourned. In Williamsburg and the surrounding section, church bells were rung, people gathered in groups discussing what the future would portend



and among the soldiers, hot blood flowed, inciting afresh bitter animosity against the "rebs."

#### Mother Expert Knitter.

Mrs. Spealman's mother, along with all her house work, spun and knit. Of course, knitting was mere pastime. Evidently Mother Loudon did not waste much time counting stitches in view of the fact that when she really got down to it she could knit a pair of stockings in a day.

One can easily see that it was by reason of mother's excellent training that Mrs. Spealman still at eighty is past mistress of the needle which makes her a valuable acquisition to the Lutheran Ladies' Aid at their quiltings.

Her lively conversation, too, makes her presence welcome at any gathering. She spends no time pining for the old days but she gives the old time cottage organ a passing regret.

Not on the score of its musical capacity but on account of its having been the center of the many happy evenings the young people of the neighborhood had when they dropped in at the Loudon home to chat and sing.

The merry company that vented their joy in living in the songs they sang to the chords of the organ, nearly all are dead. In the hurly burly of this speed-up age the sociability and whole-souled fellowship engendered at any get-together of neighborhood folks also is becoming a thing of lamented memory.

#### Simple Amusements Enjoyed.

Spelling schools, sledding parties, coasting, picnics, recreations of the old days, may in retrospect be painted with the roseate tint memory lays on all cherished, long ago things, but Mrs. Spealman declares the simple pleasures of her girlhood, put in the balance, would out-weigh by far the commercialized diversions of today.

There was not the straining of poor

Mr. Smith to live like rich Mr. Jones. People were accepted for what they were, not for the size of their bank roll. Of course, on Sundays when the young folks walked together on the way to church, a tendency was apparent for the silk dresses to fraternize together while the homespuns stayed by themselves. Ordinarily however there was little distinction between the well-to-do and the less well off.

Mrs. Sallie Loudon Spealman, was born June 7, 1856. She was a daughter of Thomas Loudon and Elizabeth J. McCartney Loudon, his wife.

Although she was born north of Altoona, she has only one clear recollection appertaining to the village in the swamp which she has lived to see expanded into the city of today.

She remembers the tedious waiting in the buggy at Alleghany Furnace, while father stopped off at the toll gate, enroute to and from visits to Sabbath Rest Relatives, to chat with Mr. Stewart, the toll gate keeper.

Much more to her fancy were the picnics at Flowing Spring when the Sunday school scholars from Franklin Forge journeyed thither on one of the flat boats on the canal. What fun the shouting and singing and leaning over the rail to watch the filling and draining of the locks!

With what breathless excitement she and her juvenile companions watched the forge men draw the kilns at Franklin Forge and load the pigs on ten mule team wagons.

Winter had its compensations, too. Then the children coasted from the top of Forge hill clear to the railroad track and beyond with such velocity that they scarcely could get their breath. Once one of the coasters shot between the legs of a team of horses that was drawing a sled along the road at the foot of the hill.

Ah, yes! Happy days wove happy memories in the web of life sixty

and seventy years ago at Franklin Forge.

Mrs. Spealman's late husband, Geo. W. Sepalman, a well known retired farmer and business man, died January 18, 1931. She has converted the second floor of her commodious home on High Street into an apartment. Except for the tenants she lives alone, doing her own work and taking a cheerful interest in whatever each

passing day brings forth.

Her friends forget she is old. She is such good company that to the young, middle-aged or the elderly, she is one of their own kind, full of fun and ready to do a favor at any and all times.

She has one son, Charles Spealman of Huntingdon, and two sisters, Miss Idella Loudon of Pittsburgh and Mrs. Grace Sparr of Williamsburg.

## W. A. Nycum Recalls Early Railroad

Although Fulton county is the only county in Pennsylvania which has no railroad within its boundaries, it bears the scars of the colossal operations of the ill-fated South Penn Railroad, which was heralded to be one of the greatest transportation arteries of all times.

Fulton county residents were agog with happy anticipations. The scheme was backed by Andrew Carnegie and Cornelius Vanderbilt, whose names, endorsed to any project, no matter of what magnitude, gave the assurance that there was plenty of money to see it through.

Notable engineers were about to put into execution their dream of conquering the stubborn chain of mountains that traverse the Keystone state. Since the time of the building of the old Portage railroad over the Alleghanies, it had been the ultimate ambition of great engineers to eliminate the steep grades of the mountains by tunneling through them, thereby providing a level road-bed all the way from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh.

W. A. Nycum, general merchant and postmaster, of Loysburg, remembers distinctly that the building operations had progressed to the point that tunnels pierced the Sideling and Ray's Hill ranges to a considerable

depth.

Crews of laborers were employed at excavating both sides of the mountains simultaneously with the expectation of pushing the openings through until they met mid-way, thus completing the tunnel.

Speculation among the Fulton county natives was rampant as to whether the workmen would succeed in digging straight enough to the line to bring the two opposite sections of the tunnel exactly together. Doubtless bets were exchanged that the whole thing would go askew and that instead of carrying day light straight through the mountain the tunnel builders would miss each other by many feet.

### Tunnel Building Great Feat

When he was a boy, Mr. Nycum followed the work of hollowing out the mighty hills with great curiosity. As the sweating pick and shovel crews dug and blasted out the rock and sand, they walled the tunnel with what looked to him like sticks of wood. The ingenious way the men managed the three foot long props to prevent cave-ins, the manner in which they were placed to offer the greatest strength and resistance to pressure was ever a matter of wonder to the inquiring mind of the interested lad.

The right of way was graded



through farms in East Providence township in Bedford county, cutting through elevations and with hollows being filled in, the course running north of the national pike, now the Lincoln Highway.

But to the wondering boy, the most marvelous undertaking of all was the leveling of the hill immediately west of the Everett cemetery. The trees were cleared preparatory to removing the entire hill. Before excavation was started, the whole project was dropped with a suddenness that left the people in the two counties dazed.

No explanation was given, the Italian gangs of laborers gathered up their picks, shovels and wheelbarrows, abandoned their shanties and departed for places unknown. The South Penn died a-borning, it might be said.

Visions of big city markets to be brought within reach of the products of their farms faded away, leaving the resident population thunder-struck. What had happened, nobody could conjecture. The disappointment suffered by the people made them thereafter suspicious of the good intentions of railroad promoters.

#### Competition Smothers Project.

Evidently the South Penn was throttled in the struggle between rival industrial giants of fifty years ago to corner each for himself the biggest slice out of the profit pie baked by the freight accruing from the railroads.

It is said that Andrew Carnegie projected the railroad to secure cheaper rates for his coal and steel than the Pennsylvania Railroad granted. Colonel Vanderbilt, of the New York Central, seeing a chance to get the better of the P. R. R., willingly backed Mr. Carnegie with the funds and personnel until the road was half way completed. The reason for his withdrawal likely is to be found in the secret archives of the

Carnegie and Vanderbilt, possibly the Pennsy, business records but the general public can only guess at it.

Interest in the defunct South Penn Railroad is revived by news that the Department of Highways at Harrisburg has under advisement the plan to construct a level highway roughly following the route of the old railroad, the purpose being to relieve congestion on the Lincoln and the William Penn.

If these plans materialize, it is altogether probable that the South Penn shall be resurrected as a transportation route which will carry streams of trucks, buses and automobiles under the Pennsylvania mountains instead of smoke belching steam cars.

West of Everett, standing along the highway leading to Bedford, is a sturdy bridge with stanch stone abutments, that is the lone survival of another pretentious attempt to build a railroad which never was brought to fruition.

As Mr. Nycum recalls, this monument to lost hopes was built in the late 'Eighties by an independent stock company. It was completed as the first link of a new southern transportation system to be. No sooner had the bridge been finished than the rest of the enterprise flopped, work ceasing, never to be resumed.

#### Bridge Used By Thropp.

The only use made of the bridge, insofar as Mr. Nycum knows, was by the late Congressman Thropp, who ran the rolling mills at Riddlesburg and Everett. Prior to the erection of the bridge, Mr. Thropp was under contract with the Huntingdon and Broad Top and the Pennsylvania railroads to pay one dollar for every car he wished hauled over their right of way. Loaded or empty, he forked over a dollar for every car.

However after the no man's bridge

was built, he could afford to stick out a derisive tongue at the Broad Top and the Pennsy because he could run his cars over it for nothing, thereafter having no further need of their services.

That our southern counties were severely bitten by the transportation bug, is attested to by the vestige still to be traced through Loysburg Gap, of the unfinished Beechcreek Railroad.

C. W. Dittmar and his sister Mrs. Anna Dittmar May, of Loysburg, entertained the present writer with some very interesting reminiscences of this rather mysterious projected railroad of nearly fifty years ago.

From the fact that it too petered out without advance notice being given, the impression was created that the Pennsy got possession of the right of way and started operations with the sole purpose of keeping the Baltimore and Ohio or some other road out of that territory.

Be that as it may, a foreman in charge of a gang of Italian and colored laborers "blew" into Loysburg one day and bought out Store Keeper Harry Aaron's stock of blankets, boots, shirts and groceries. As a result of this unexpected custom, Mr. Aaron looked forward to augmented prosperity.

The Italians established themselves in shacks at Rockford, near Surveyor John B. Fluke's house. Work progressed rather desultorily but they succeeded in laying a well-defined road bed.

#### Workers Aroused Curiosity.

The Italians were strangers in a strange land. They seemed to the townspeople to be a class set apart. Their every way of doing things excited curiosity. Even the food they ate was so thoroughly alien as to pass understanding.

Anna Dittmar and a party of her girl friends, however, learned something to their advantage when they went to see the camp cook make macaroni, or maybe it was spaghetti.

Disdaining the Italian names, the Loysburg folks simply called the wriggling stringy lengths of dough Italian noodles. What they noticed with keen interest was that the deft chef rolled the dough only in one direction, which was away from him. They could see that it was much more easily spread out when it was handled by that method.

Although the Italians were Catholics, as was evidenced by the monthly visits of a priest, Mr. Dittmar says that not infrequently as many as a dozen or fifteen attended the Loysburg Reformed church services in a body.

One Sunday afternoon the town was electrified by the news that a crowd of boys, bent on going in swimming in their favorite hole near the Fluke barn had discovered the body of one of the Italians drowned in the race. By the time the men arrived at the scene of the tragedy they found that Walter Pennell, a venturesome lad of fourteen, had dived into the water and, single-handed, had towed the corpse to the bank.

Following about nine months of activity, the laborers dwindled away until but three were left, who killed time at working on a siding under the pretense that it was to be an outlet to the J. S. Brown flour mill.

Eventually all the working men decamped and thus wrote finis to the last chapter of what had been published as another promising railway enterprise.

Were it possible to learn the secret facts that lie behind these railroads that never were built, some strange



tales of high finance would be revealed. They served merely as moves and counter moves on the na-

tional industrial chess board made by the masters of the big money bags for their own profit.

## Early Incidents Recalled By Dittmar Family

Well over a hundred years ago, two brothers of Oberoorschutz, Fritzlar in Kurhessen, Germany, were suitors for the hand of the same fraulein. She was the comely owner of a goose farm.

John, the older brother married the girl and eventually became the grandfather of C. W. Dittmar and Mrs. Anna Dittmar May, of Loysburg. Shortly before the birth of his only child, John, the young husband died. Following a decorous period of widowhood, the German goose farm proprietress married the other, the rejected brother, Henry Dittmar, and by him had five or six children, a number of whom emigrated to America.

But before that happened, we shall follow the fortunes of John Dittmar, her first born, who came to America at the age of seventeen.

Young John, a bright, industrious boy, got along well in school, where he took an academic course as well as learning the trade of harness making.

When he was just under seventeen years of age, he was graduated. In testimony of his craftsmanship, the rules of the school required him to submit a piece of his handiwork to the king of the province. This, known as "the master piece", if acceptable, was regarded in the nature of a diploma.

It not only was a token that he had finished his trade school course but that he had arrived at the age of compulsory military service.

### Masterpiece Was Fine Article

John Dittmar's masterpiece was a

round bridle, decorated with gold mountings and stitched in silk. It was so artistically done that the king, as a mark of special royal favor, decreed that the youth should be conscripted into his majesty's personal troops.

Naturally the lad was appreciative of the honor, but the mother grieved exceedingly. She had not brought up her boy to be cannon fodder.

Eventually she worked out a plan to smuggle him as a stowaway on board a sailing vessel bound for the new world. In accordance with marine law in those days, a stowaway, who remained concealed from the knowledge of the ship's officers until the vessel had passed the sixty-five mile limit, would be free to continue the voyage unmolested.

Equipped with a pair of haversacks and a little store of money, young John, in company with a neighbor boy of like age, by the name of Hyde or Hite, secreted themselves on a west bound ship. Following seventy-seven days at sea, they landed at Baltimore.

### Companion Is Lost.

In the press of the crowd on the wharf, one of John's haversacks was jostled off his shoulder. While stopping to recover it, he lost sight of his companion by reason of the eddying throng.

The strange part is that forty years intervened before they ever set eyes on each other again. Then they became known to each other only by their names, neither recognizing the other by sight. Until that time they had completely passed out of each other's lives.

The circumstance of their meeting after forty years had passed was another interesting milestone. It so happened that they had been chosen as delegates to the classis of the German Reformed church at Greencastle. The roll call of the delegates revealed the boyhood emigrants to each other. One can imagine that the exchange of personal experiences that followed was one of life's great moments.

Mr. Hyde had settled near Hyndman. Following the renewal of their association they visited each other frequently.

At the time of their involuntary parting on the wharf of the alien land to which the ship had brought them, John Dittmar, bewildered and forlorn, leaned against a wall and gave way to his despair by bursting into tears.

From stories heard in the old country of the fabulous opportunities in Pittsburgh for industrious young artisans to secure employment at unheard of wages, the boy and his mother had fixed on that city as his destination in the new world.

#### **Aimed To Reach Pittsburgh.**

Where it was or how to get there, he had not the slightest idea, except that you traveled by canal. A kindly old lady, seeing his plight, took him home, giving him sanctuary for a few days until they mapped out the route of the journey to Pittsburgh.

Traveling by slow stages over the canals he had been told about in his homeland, he progressed as far as Hollidaysburg when he came to journey's end because transportation on the Pennsylvania canal was shut down on account of the winter season.

Again abandoned to his own devices, he sauntered disconsolately up and down the streets of Hollidaysburg, with Pittsburgh once more unattainable. As a matter of fact, he never reached that city because John Holliday ran across the boy that day and

employed him as a harness maker, giving him only the finer grades of work, thereby exciting the jealousy of the other workmen, who were assigned the mule work. That is to say, work on the harness of the mules used to tow the canal boats.

By reason of the young "Dutchman's" devotion to the cause of the Reformed church, he became a protégé of Rev. Irvine, who served a circuit of sixteen or seventeen mission points in Woodcock Valley, Huntingdon county, and Friend's Cove and other places in Bedford county.

Through the influence of the minister, young John Dittmar eventually moved to Woodcock Valley, Yellow Creek and finally to Loysburg, plying his trade as he went and salting down the major part of his wages.

#### **Secures A Helpmate.**

Rev. Irvine was not only a spiritual adviser to his devoted parishioner, but he also found him a wife in the person of sprightly young Catherine Diehl, of Friends Cove.

They were married. Mr. Dittmar, in addition to blacksmithing, harness and wagon making, opened a brick yard at Loysburg and made the bricks for the row of houses across the street from the former school house, since converted into the Grange hall at Loysburg.

He not only amassed an independent fortune, but he gave his children courses in higher education. Two of his sons, D. N. and Harry, became ministers in the Reformed church.

C. W. Dittmar and Mrs. Anna Dittmar May were schooled at the Juniata Collegiate Institute at Martinsburg at the time it was under the supervision of Professor Julian Cort.

Mrs. May's enjoyment in recollecting school days at J. C. I.—Ah! the artless pride the students took in imitating those magic symbols at the head of their letters—is so infectious



that her listeners share with her something of the charm of those happy days.

Kaspar Reese's vineyard, east of Martinsburg held out a powerful allure, as did his pears and apples, to the young students.

Mr. Reese, thrifty German that he was, guarded his luscious fruits admirably well. Students, with a taste for them, had to resort to diplomacy to get any.

#### Won Favor By Clever Trick.

Anna Dittmar and her girl friends won his good graces by booking up on a few stock German words and phrases and making a pretense of talking the language with him. Their interest in his mother tongue, put the old gentleman off his guard so completely that he invited the girls to go into the vineyard and help themselves, merely cautioning them to eat all the grapes off the bunches so that none should be wasted. Waste in his eyes was akin to the unpardonable sin.

While her sister was laughing about the pranks the girls played on Kaspar Reese, Mr. Dittmar recalled that the boys at J. C. I. were good too at pulling the wool over the old German's eyes.

For instance when their mouths watered for a taste of the luscious pears and apples in his orchard, they sent two advance scouts to enlist the old gentleman's interest in a discussion of the high quality of his home brew wines. While all this was going on the remainder of the gang filled their pockets and hats with the pilfered fruit.

#### School Had Rigid Rules.

Ah! but the real sensation happened one evening while some of the students were patronizing J. Ross Mateer's ice cream parlor. They were eating the frozen delicacy, laughing

and having fun, which was all the more enjoyable because they well knew they were breaking one of Professor Cort's sternest "Thou shalt nots."

Young folks at school, maintained the professor, had no business to go skylarking after classes. Leisure time was for study. The sarcasm he visited on his boys and girls if they met in a social way outside the school environs was something to make their faces burn.

Anna Dittmar and several of her school mates, eating their ice cream, were startled by voices in the front part of Mr. Mateer's drug store. Horrors! Prof. Cort and his wife had dropped in, in quest of ice cream too. Now, for the dynamite!

Aware of the crisis, diplomatic Druggist Mateer served the good professor and his wife in the front of the store. Needless to say the boys and girls in the rear alcove kept still as mice until their teacher took his leisurely departure.

C. W. Dittmar's idea of a good time was to go out to the "Y" switches and watch the Irish laborers lay the track for the Henrietta branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad. It seemed to him that each of them was constantly inviting the rest of the gang to knock the chip off his shoulder. They were just like a cage full of game roosters.

Aside from that the young man vaguely sensed that he was witnessing a world revolution; that the speedier means of transportation which was about to relegate the horse and buggy to the back ground, would bring in a new order of living.

#### Followed Father's Footsteps.

Following his days at J. C. I. during which his brother was on the teaching staff, Mr. Dittmar taught school. Eventually he took up his

father's activities. He not only took up his father's work, but in every other respect he has been a worthy son of the energetic, upright German emigrant, whose perseverance made his dreams of new world opportunities come true.

Although their parents spoke high German fluently, neither Mr. C. W.

Dittmar, Mrs. May, nor their brothers or sisters spoke the language. In their youth, the native born Americans ridiculed "Dutch" as a sign of inferiority. Therefore Mr. and Mrs. Dittmar spoke German in the presence of their children only when they discussed something they did not wish the youngsters to understand.

## Early Incidents of the Loysburg Section

Before the World War, nearly all the native born young men and women, who sought their vocation in life outside the confines of their birth place, arrived at their eventual goal through the avenue of teaching school.

Teaching was almost the only alternative to farming. Or frying the farmer's ham and potatoes and getting up at 4 o'clock in the morning to help milk the cows.

Growing out of their own background of limited educational opportunities, the older folks had a deep respect for book learning. Therefore when young John or Mary, burning midnight oil trying to master the stack of text books they had carried home from school, displayed report cards marked well up in the nineties, Pop and Mom proudly announced that their young hopefuls were cut out for the honored profession of teaching.

Thus the Cove bred a vast army of school teachers, many of whom took their first examination, with little more preparation than what they received in the eighth grade, by the drilling and repeated drilling of the elementary teachers.

### Examination Feared.

Many Cove residents, who have passed the stage of their first, yes we may add, their second youth, can call to memory the trepidation with which

they faced the county superintendent for the first time.

As they stood before the judgment seat, not knowing whether the sentence would be success or failure, it seemed as if all the facts they had wrestled with so victoriously, took unto themselves wings and flew into the region of the unknown.

Sometimes out of that aching void stage fright had wrought behind their foreheads, came some unexpectedly smart answer which startled the authors almost as much as the superintendent. What volumes could be written about the answers that unintentionally were not according to the data in the books!

L. B. Stoudnour, of Roaring Spring, will never forget the consternation such an incident caused at a teachers examination held perhaps thirty-five years ago at East Sharpsburg.

It was an excessively hot mid-summer day. Windows and the door of the school house were open to admit any stray breeze that might serve to relieve the sticky heat.

### Wertz Was Superintendent.

Professor H. S. Wertz, the personification of stern dignity, presided at the desk at the rear of the room while he probed the fitness of the applicants by oral test.

"What," he demanded of a shrinking youth of seventeen scared out of his wits, "is treason?"



No reply. George Holsinger, who with young Lee Stoudnour, was standing by the open window back of the would-be teacher, stuck his head in at the window and prompted.

"Voting the Democratic ticket," faithfully repeated the boy under fire.

In view of the fact that Professor Wertz was an uncompromising Democrat, he took the answer as a personal affront.

"Sit down," he thundered.

Had it not been that Mr. Stoudnour persuaded Mr. Holsinger to explain the joke to Superintendent Wertz, it would have boded ill for the boy applicant at his next appearance at teacher's examination.

#### Recalls First \$20.

The Beach Creek railroad operations through Loysburg Gap are inseparable in the memory of W. S. Aaron, Blair county treasurer, with his first twenty dollar bill.

He was a boy then, subject to call as errand boy and what not at his father's mill and his brother's store or any other place that a boy with an active pair of legs was wanted.

His idea of a perfect day was to climb into his father's buggy, flip the lines over the trotter and execute some important commission for one of his elders.

It was a proud occasion, the day he drove to the Curry railroad station to meet Mr. Patterson, the big mucketty muck boss of the railroad construction at Loysburg Gap. Mr. Patterson came only rarely to give the work the once-over with lordly eye, the details of the job having been delegated to Mr. Barclay, the walking boss.

Mr. Patterson made no immediate mention of pay. However, the next time he saw young Sherman Aaron, he handed him a twenty dollar bill as casually as if it were fifty cents.

What use to put this great wealth to caused a fever of indecision as thoughts veered between this or that desirable fancy. Sherman's father put an abrupt end to the boy's plans by making him return all the money except the few dollars parental judgment decreed was sufficient compensation.

Calling Sherman aside, walking boss Barclay one day asked the lad to go to the "nigger boss" and get five sticks of dynamite and a couple of yards of fuse.

Returning with the materials, to the boy's amazement, boss Barclay sank the dynamite in the creek and set it off with the fuse. The ensuing explosion threw up geysers of water as high as the tall trees. When the water settled a mass of fish, eels, water snakes, frogs, all manner of water creatures, floated on the surface, dead as a door nail. The result of this destruction, was a big catch of fish, all that the gang laborers were interested in.

#### House of Black Walnut.

A familiar old fairy story describes a house made of ginger bread and candy to entice unsuspecting little children into the clutches of a wicked witch.

The builders, who erected the substantial houses so typical of colonial America, had no bent toward gingerbread. They built for posterity. Modern carpenters grant them the compliment of superiority in craftsmanship.

Of course, the house builder of that day had the incomparable lumber from the primitive forests to choose from: Oak, yellow pine, maple, walnut! However, it does not seem that any of them would be so prodigal as to build a house entirely of black walnut. Today that would be too rich for any one's blood except a full-fledged millionaire.

In a communication received by the present writer from Wilmer C. Nicodemus, of Barberton, Ohio, he gives the information that the house on the H. N. Baker farm north of Henrietta was built by Conrad Nicodemus in 1817 of black walnut in its entirety, logs, sills, floors and the inside finish.

The house gives every indication that the timbers remain solid. That being the case, it probably would be worth more torn down than standing.

Mr. Nicodemus gives the further information that Conrad Nicodemus became wealthy by raising timothy seed. A revival of this crop might again be a money maker in the Cove.

## Local Furnaces As Recalled By Lorenz

Scanning the head lines a few years ago, the average newspaper reader in Morrisons Cove likely paid little attention to the following: "Ottawa Raises Tariff on Imports." "Canadians Endorse 'Buy British Policy.'"

"Huh," said Mr. Average Reader to himself, "That doesn't concern me," as he flipped over the pages to the comic strips and the sports section.

"Just another of those foreign doo-dads. Why should I worry?" he added as he smothered a yawn behind his hand.

Why worry, indeed, except that it may have curtailed production at the D. M. Bare Paper Company plant at Roaring Spring, with the result that the employees may have drawn reduced pay envelopes temporarily until the management found new markets for its products.

For before the imposition of the Canadian tariff barriers, our neighbors to the north of us were among the best customers for the blank books manufactured by the Roaring Spring factory.

"Land sakes! Does the book factory ship its manufactured products that far away?" the average Cove citizen comments in surprise.

Yes, indeed. Not only to Canada but to South America and the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands. Transported by trucks, steam trains and in the holds of fast going vessels ploughing the Atlantic and the Pacific

oceans, the paper and paper products made in Roaring Spring seek the markets in all parts of the world. Likely as not, the superior grade, heavy white paper on which your favorite magazine is printed, bears the Morrisons Cove trade mark.

Not only is this true of paper, but of many other home products as well. The milk the local farmer milked from his cows before 5 o'clock this morning, tomorrow morning fills babies' bottles in Philadelphia. Or by furnishing the makings for ice cream sundae, puts the trimmings on the happy week-end of honeymooners at Atlantic City.

### Cove Products Travel Far.

Thus it has ever been in Morrisons Cove. As far back as the producers and manufacturers have had a surplus, they have gotten up early in the morning to contact a buyer with money jingling in his pockets, no matter in what distant parts of this old globe he may have resided.

The pioneers laboriously drove their heavily laden covered wagons to Baltimore or Pittsburgh or unloaded them on boats on the Pennsylvania canal, whose sluggish waters carried the cargoes to the Atlantic ports whence they were billed to the great cities of Europe.

Today the great-grandsons of those old time wagoners haul Cove goods every day and throughout the night



to all the metropolitan markets within a thousand miles.

But with what a speed-up of tempo! Distances that took their forebears six or seven laborious days to cover, the drivers now accomplish in a few hours.

Of course, the shipments, with the exception of grain, have changed their character, in keeping with variation of crops and the evolution of industrial pursuits. As lumber and iron passed out of the picture, they have been succeeded by milk, apples, vegetables and paper.

Frank Lorenz, foreman at the Roaring Spring blank book factory likes nothing better than to let his memory linger amid scenes of his boyhood when life's happiest hours were summed up in wide-eyed observation of the processes involved in making iron at the Rodman and McKee furnaces.

#### Iron Industry Nearly Forgotten.

To the vast majority of people who rush over the state highway which crosses over the sites of these furnaces, the Cove iron industry has ceased to be even a memory.

A passing thought may be given to what caused the strange configuration of the hollow in which the Joe Mapes roadside restaurant stands on the ridge of cinder at McKee, but only a few have knowledge that these are the grave yard, so to speak, of a long dead industry.

In the vicinity of the Mast furnaces also were the Upper and Lower Maria forges. In the early eighties when Frank Lorenz and his playmates hurried up the railroad track to see what was going on at the furnaces and forges, their interest was well rewarded. There was plenty for them to see.

So much in fact, that little Myrtle Zook, who had no least inkling that fate had reserved for her the happy lot of becoming the future Mrs. Frank Lorenz, with her girl friends,

took advantage of every opportunity to follow the track to Rodman and watch from the elevation of the railroad the fascinating sights below—glories of an era which even then was in its death throes.

The Rodman furnace, owned by Charles Knapp & Co., was operated under the management of Henry Clay Lorenz, father of Frank Lorenz and Attorney R. Donald Lorenz.

#### Hartman Was Manager.

Jesse Hartman, late of Hollidaysburg, politician and business man of state wide reputation, was manager of the furnace at McKee, owned by Denniston, Porter and Co. He started his business career in the large stone house located in the flat to the east of the railroad track now owned and occupied by Mr. Burket. This building originally was the company store.

What interested most the juvenile Frank Lorenz and Myrtle Zook, and their little friends, among whom was Blair Snoberger, was the flushing or drawing of the towering blast furnace.

At stated times, when the molten iron had reached the proper stage of fusion, a workman knocked the plug out that closed the kiln and forth gushed a red hot stream of fluid metal which poured into ditches made in a large sand bed in front of the furnace.

During the night, the glow from the furnace when the iron was drawn, lit up the sky. People for miles around were accustomed to look for the fiery display just as the Cove folks noted the familiar reddened sky made by the Riddlesburg furnaces up until a few years ago.

The workmen called the ditches by the unpoetical name of sows and pigs. But Myrtle and her little friends disregarded such harsh names, telling each other that the running metal formed rivers and their tributaries

just like those shown on the maps in their geographies.

#### Iron Cooled In Sand.

The sand cooled the iron in the sand ditches, moulding it into shape. Before it had thoroughly set, some of the men hammered it into pieces and later ranked them into stacks ready for loading on the railway freight train.

Young eyes must have roved about quite briskly because there were so many lines of activity going on at the same time.

First, there was the puffing, spluttering little donkey engine which brought a train of cars from Ore Hill. The engine would look comical alongside a modern stream lined locomotive.

But it filled the bill very acceptably then. A stationary engine of similar type had a much harder job, for it pumped water from the steam pump dam up the mountain to Ore Hill to sluice over the ore to cleanse it from dirt. Verily, the steam pump dam is a survival of what in its day was a colossal water works.

Trains of six and eight horse wagons, hauling limestone and charcoal drew up to the furnace to fill its cavernous maw with their loads.

The blast furnace was fed from the top with alternate layers of ore, lime and charcoal until it was completely filled.

#### Engine Resembled A Toy.

At Rodman a funny little engine, that would look to young America of today like a toy Santa had brought, was employed to carry off the big cakes of cinder or slag that had to be removed after each heat.

This hurrying little engine, teetering up the incline of the cinder dump always gave Frank a shiver of uneasiness for fear it would plunge off into space when it reached the top. At McKee a worn out, blind old horse, driven by a worn out old man carted

off the cinder, speed there apparently not being given first consideration as at Rodman.

Iron being made by hand labor was easier to watch than to perform. The men, shirtless, and wearing wooden shoes to protect their feet from scalding streams of metal, worked and sweated throughout long, twelve hour shifts.

The horses were part of the permanent equipment at the furnaces and forges. They were sheltered in long low stables and a gang of hostlers groomed and fed them.

#### Small Operators Failed.

Following Dr. Peter Schoenberger's successful development of the iron fields in the Cove, many independent concerns opened ore banks. But like the Arab, they soon folded up their tents and went out of business because it was a losing game for them.

As Mr. Lorenz says, charcoal iron made in the Cove was of superior quality. It was less susceptible to rust and more malleable.

Professor Tarring S. Davis says that during the Civil War pigs made at Rodman were shipped to Pittsburgh to be used in the manufacture of the famous Rodman gun, one of the highest type guns known at that period.

After the completion of the Morrisons Cove railroad, Mr. Lorenz says, charcoal was abandoned as a fuel at the furnaces, coal having been substituted. Large quantities of ore from abroad were shipped in over the railroad to the furnaces as the local supply became scarcer and harder to mine.

Eventually the gravel ore in Michigan and Minnesota, bordering Lake Superior, richer in iron and lying on the surface of the earth, put the local furnaces and forges out of business. They could not weather the competition.

The Cambria Iron Company, which



had purchased vast mineral rights found it unprofitable to continue operations in the Cove. By abandoning the ore banks, it wrote finis to what had been a great chapter in the industrial history of the Cove.

Frank Lorenz and his juvenile associates of the 1880's regarded their trips to the Rodman and McKee furnaces as something in the nature of Christopher Columbus expeditions of discovery.

They always seemed to find something of new and especial interest. Some treasure trove their inquiring minds seized upon and which they discussed at great length, each arguing his own point of view enthusiastically. If need be, backing it up with "my father says so," thus giving the best proof they knew of the accuracy of their contentions.

However, they missed seeing the greatest wonder of all, the big water wheel, most gigantic water power wheel ever built in this part of the country. It had been dismantled before their time.

#### Giant Wheel Powerful.

This colossal wheel, forty feet in diameter, generated so much power that the engineers in charge were unable to harness it. The machinery it was designed to run could not withstand its force. It must have looked nearly as huge as a ferris wheel.

Young people of this generation, familiar with the might of electricity, naturally would dismiss any local power project of the mule wagon age as some little two-by-four, not worthy of their sophisticated notice.

The magnitude of the Rodman water wheel would open their eyes to an appreciation of the wonders accomplished by the handiwork of their fathers.

The wheel, which stood near the breast of the dam at Rodman, washed out by the St. Patrick's day flood, was run by water carried by a

wooden conduit mounted on a half mile long wooden trestle. The elevated trestle circled the hills between the dam located immediately north of the paper mill at Roaring Spring, used as the head waters of the water system, and the wheel.

#### Much Timber Used.

Many a monarch of the forest was felled that the lumber might be used to construct the skeleton-like trunk line which supported the conduit at a height to admit of the water falling with sufficient force to turn the heavy wheel.

Rev. James A. Sell, ninety year old minister, poet and writer, of Hollidaysburg, was employed as a carpenter in the construction of the water system.

He says that the turnace and water system cost the Charles Knapp & Co., a cool \$350,000.00. Estimated in terms of cost and labor and materials today, that sum would represent close to a million. From the fact that the company never made a copper penny from the investment, one realizes that more than water went over the wheel. Buckets of dollars, too, put out to sea.

#### Rev. Sell Tells Story.

We will now incorporate Rev. Sell's own story of the wheel. He writes:

"The specifications for the wheel were designed by a firm of Pittsburgh engineers, its construction having been in charge of Joseph Ellsworth, of Williamsburg, and David Wike, of Roaring Spring

"A firm foundation of cut stone was laid on which the shaft of the wheel, a solid steel bar twelve inches through, was to revolve.

"When completed, the wheel was 40 feet in diameter and perhaps 16 feet wide. On the outer edge, or rim, on both sides was a cog gearing of heavy cast iron fitted together in sections and securely bolted to the wooden rim, forming what is known as a master wheel.

"Jerome Blatte, Jacob Berger and I erected the building to house the wheel and machinery, as well as the trestle and conduit that conveyed the water from the upper Maria dam to the top of this monster wheel.

#### Encountered Difficulties.

"When the work was completed and the water turned on some unexpected difficulties arose.

"In the first place the power was too great to hold the connection between the cogs of the master wheel and those of the machinery it was to propel. Props and braces were put into place to overcome the strain, but in spite of all that could be done, the steel shaft broke. Even the rock foundation was cracked.

"The only remedy was to take the wheel apart and reconstruct it. This was done but it never gave full satisfaction. Eventually two powerful steam engines were substituted to take the place of the wheel.

"In spite of the fact that the Knapp Company testified that everything they had sunk in the twin furnaces was a total loss, they scrupulously paid in full every claim for materials and labor."

#### Interesting Facts About Furnaces

Rev. Sell also contributes the following personal bird's eye view of the furnaces in retrospect as well as historical data:

"Doctor Peter Shoenberger was the pioneer iron manufacturer of Blair county. In 1828 he built three furnaces and three forges in McKee's Gap.

"The furnaces and one of the forges located at the northern entrance to the Gap, were named Martha, in honor of one of his daughters.

"The stack on the furnace proper was a huge stone structure about 70 feet square at the base and tapering to 30 or 40 feet at the top which was at a height of approximately 50 feet from the ground.

"The out-put was about 140 tons of

pig iron weekly. The ore was mined in the adjacent mountain. Limestone, also quarried nearby, was used to purge or separate the dross from the iron. Charcoal, in the early years of the operation of the furnaces, was used for fuel.

"The surrounding mountains and valleys were the source of timber from which the charcoal was burned. The wood was cut in lengths suitable to rank into pits in which it was heated to extract carbon, thereby making it more inflammable when it was cast into the furnace.

#### Many Men Employed.

"All these activities: Mining the ore, quarrying lime stone, chopping and coaling the wood, the assembling of these elements, together with the operation of the furnaces and the forge, required a small army of men and teams.

Many small log houses, some of which are still in use, were built for the accommodation of the employees.

"These works were operated by water power from the stream flowing from Roaring Spring which loses itself in the Juniata River about a mile below the Gap.

"About a half mile above Martha furnace Dr. Shoenberger built two other forges, named for another daughter, viz, upper and lower Maria. These two plants were supplied with pig iron that was manufactured at Sarah furnace located at Sproul on the site of the present silica brick plant.

"During Dr. Shoenberger's life time there were no other works at Lower Maria but the forge and a mill. However in 1862 a furnace, somewhat larger than the Martha was built by a Mr. Ricketson and the Knapp company.

#### Furnished Iron For Guns.

"Its capacity was 300 tons weekly. The one, obtained at Ore Hill, produced a superior grade of iron which was shipped to Pittsburgh for the pur-



pose of making guns for use in the Civil War.

"After a few years the furnace shut down. After several years of idleness, Charles Knapp & Co., a Pittsburgh firm took it over. They repaired the old stock in 1871-72 and erected a still larger one, constructed of heavy boiler iron lined with silica brick. It was for the purpose of supplying the power for these two furnaces, that the water wheel, elsewhere described, was built.

"It was at this time and by this firm that the branch railroad was built to Ore Hill. The new firm built high hopes and flowery expectations into their twin stacks, only to have them wiped out completely by the panic of 1873.

"Again following some years of idleness, another firm resumed operations for a time, their efforts also being met with failure. This marked finis to the Rodman furnace.

"The machinery was dismantled, the stacks torn down and the growth of locust trees and a change in the course of the public highway, obliterated all traces of the iron industry there except for the mounds of cinder still to be seen.

Ho, ho, ho! Barney Lorenz wears a red coat.

All the boys at Rebecca Furnace poked fun at the sixteen year old German immigrant boy because of the oddity of his brilliant coat. Compared with the sombre walnut browns and dull blacks which custom prescribed for their own attire, the coat was the object of good natured ridicule.

You see Bernard Lorenz was Dr. Peter Schoenberger's hostler. The coat was his livery.

However, he did not wear it long. In a few years, he discarded it in favor of a high silk hat and the costly broad cloth garb of the gentlemen of that period.

Bernard Lorenz, grandfather of Frank Lorenz and Attorney R. Donald Lorenz, of Roaring Spring, was born at Singheim-Baden, Germany, August 25, 1812.

Coming to the United States when he was sixteen years old, he had the good fortune to enter the employ of Dr. Peter Schoenberger, the great charcoal iron manufacturer of Blair county and central Pennsylvania, as a hostler.

Dr. Schoenberger's keen insight into human nature, gave him fore knowledge that the ambitious young immigrant was not made of the stuff that would be satisfied with being a horse tender for long.

#### Becomes Manager.

Warrented by the industry, good judgment and native intelligence manifested by Bernard Lorenz, his employer promoted him from one job to another until eventually he raised him to manager of Rebecca Furnace.

The duties of this responsible position were discharged chiefly through the operation of the company store. It was here the employees' accounts were kept and where they received their pay.

In addition the manager mediated their differences, hired and fired, purchased lumber rights and rode to the various coalings or hearths to supervise the burning of the necessary amount of charcoal.

While on one of these inspection trips, Mr. Lorenz was greatly exercised about the plight of one of his woodsmen who was in imminent danger of bleeding to death from a gash the unfortunate fellow had accidentally cut in his leg with an ax.

#### Visits Pow Wow Doctor.

On entreaty of the injured man, Mr. Lorenz galloped at break neck speed to a certain pow wow doctor.

"Come quick, come quick," urged Mr. Lorenz, "So-and-So has cut him-

self and wants you to come and stop the blood. Hurry up or he'll bleed to death."

"Don't get excited," answered the pow wow man calmly, "the bleeding's stopped."

Seeing that the other could not be persuaded to accompany him, Mr. Lorenz very reluctantly went back to the injured man, convinced that he had bled to death in the meantime.

To his consternation, he discovered that the bleeding had stopped at the exact moment the pow-wower had told Mr. Lorenz it would.

While Mr. Lorenz was not a believer in pow wowing, he nevertheless could not account for the mysterious cure.

#### Always Well Dressed.

One can well imagine that the fellows, who had laughed at the raw German's red coat, paid sincere respect to his prosperous broad cloth and high silk hat when they came as customers to the company store.

Always well dressed himself, he took pride in having his children wear good clothes. Bearing this trait of their father in mind, his sons took advantage of it to play tricks on him.

Frank Lorenz recollects of having heard his father, Henry Clay Lorenz, tell that when he and his brothers got the idea in their heads that they wanted new suits, they would don the shabbiest clothes they owned and fare forth to the store.

No sooner would the elder Mr. Lorenz lay eyes on them than he would say:

"Tut, tut, your clothes are disgraceful, Come, I'll get you new suits." They had many a hearty laugh over their scheme. Nor did it ever fail to work.

Although reared a Catholic, Bernard Lorenz forsook his faith and became an active worker in the Methodist Episcopal church. The fact that his wives (he was married twice) were protestants quite likely influ-

enced the change in his religious belief. Because of it, his family in Germany disowned him, refusing thereafter to communicate with him in any shape or form.

#### Owens Ancient Bible.

Frank Lorenz has in his possession a copy of Grandfather Bernard Lorenz' Catholic Bible. It is a rare edition authorized for American distribution by James, Archbishop of Baltimore. It is a copy of the Doway Bible, the original of which was published in 1524.

The Bible contains the Maccabees, Judith and other books of the Old Testament, which have been eliminated from the standard version of the Holy Scriptures in use among non-Catholic denominations.

Within the pages of the handsomely bound and illustrated Bible is a Sunday School Reward of Merit made out to John Bernard Lorenz in July 22, 1849. It is signed by Bernard Lorenz, superintendent, and Jacob Leamer, teacher.

#### Perfect Attendance Record.

The certificate sets forth that it was an award to John Bernard in "appreciation for Punctuality and Correct Deportment" as a student in the East Freedom M. E. Sunday school.

The flowing script of the superintendent attests to the fact that in the ascension from hostler to prominent leader of church and business affairs, he had acquired the necessary education to support his position in society.

"Punctuality" in those days meant more on a merit certificate than it does in the lexicon of the modern Sunday school pupil or church attendant.

At the hour set for the opening of the service, which usually included Sunday school and preaching, the doors of the church were locked. Late comers, not only had a hard time getting in, but in addition they were black listed as having fallen from grace.



As a matter of fact, church members were not allowed to commune until they presented cards showing that they had not been tardy at any service during the interim since the last communion.

The good, strong-winded old exhorters did not choose to have their sermons interrupted by stragglers coming in late, even though the sermons might last for two hours. They wanted all present and accounted for before the meetings started. To get re-instated was a serious undertaking.

Sabbath observance was so rigid that neither work nor play was permitted. It was a day of rest, but rest was by no means relaxation. Rather it meant discipline. At least the youngsters who had to watch their step all day, lest they bring down retribution on their heads were of that opinion.

All the cooking for the Sabbath day meals was done on Saturday. Even the grinding of coffee was an offense.

A handsome carriage, the shininess of its black paint somewhat obscured by dust and its matched team of high bred horses slightly jaded, draws up with a flourish before the Leamersville hotel.

The stable boy, beholding the lordly coachman and the supercilious footman in resplendent livery, thinks to himself, "Oho! Some of the big bugs from down east are stopping off on their way to Bedford Springs."

With a toss of their heads that sets their silver mounted harness clinking and a-jingle, the horses no, sooner come to a halt than the footman jumps off his high perch from the driver's seat, and opens the carriage door.

Through it emerges a lady enveloped in paisley shawl above a wide, draped and many flounced skirt. A little girl, similarly dressed according to the last word of fashion as illustrated in the Godey's Lady's Book,

and a gentleman are the other occupants of the carriage, who seek lodging at the hotel.

Surrounded by orchards of apple, plum, pear and cherry trees and wide lawn graced with beds of sweet william, clove pinks, roses and hollyhocks, the hotel is an inviting place. No wonder travelers enroute to the fashionable summer resort at Bedford Springs, frequently stop off to spend the night when they are within a day's journey of the Springs.

"Horses, carriage, lady in a shawl? What's all this?" wonders the reader. "Somebody must be having a pipe dream."

#### Conducts Hotel.

Nothing of the kind. We merely are harking back to Civil war days when Bernard Lorenz was proprietor of the hotel. You see ever since the first little settlement was cleared from the wilderness, there was a hotel at Leamersville.

It was an ideal site both from the standpoint of the beautiful scenery and its location along the much traveled Hollidaysburg-Bedford turnpike. In addition other important highways converged nearby and Uncle Billy Brooke's mill on the bank of the Juniata did a thriving business not much more than a stone's throw distant.

Following the death of his first wife, Elizabeth Seedenfurg, whom he had married in 1836, Barney Lorenz married Sarah Leamer, nee Shriner, widow of Samuel C. Leamer, son of Henry Leamer, founder of Leamersville. An interest in the hotel and large farm appurtenant thereto, had descended to Mrs. Leamer by virtue of her inheritance.

Mrs. Horace Hair, of Park Avenue, Roaring Spring, was the only child born to the second marriage of Barney Lorenz. Since she was only three years old when her father died and the hotel was closed within a few years following his death, Mrs. Hair

has only vague recollections of her parents' dwelling during its regime as a public hostelry.

Disconnected pictures hold place in her memory, retaining their clarity because of special interest the actual incidents excited in her childish mind.

#### Quaker Conference.

One of these was the annual influx of the Quakers. Every summer on the First of June large companies of Quakers assembled at Fishertown at their general conference. Certain families had become accustomed to stopping off at the Leamersville hotel.

Wide eyed, little Fannie watched the arrival of the Quakers. Men and women, dressed in sober grey, had a quiet, sedate demeanor that matched the decorum of their apparel. As a rule they stayed over night both enroute to Fishertown and on their return.

A great deal more liveliness was promised when she heard the news, "The hucksters are coming."

Usually the hucksters came in a string of eight. With covered wagons well filled with produce gathered up throughout Bedford county, they pulled in at the Leamersville hotel to eat supper and spend the night, in preparation for an early start to Altoona the next morning.

Mrs. Hair's mother, following the closing of the hotel, occupied the building as her residence, managing the farm meanwhile. It was overly large as a private residence, its fourteen rooms making daily hard demands for their proper care.

Folding doors upstairs admitted of three bed rooms being thrown open into one, presumably for use as a ball room.

However, in the life time of Mrs. Hair's parents it was never put to such use. Their rigid adherence to the moral code, as practiced by the best regulated families of the period,

stooped to no compromise with such wordly pleasures as dancing.

#### Observe Strict Rules.

Equally stringent rules of propriety for young folks were observed as carefully by the old blue stocking families. For instance: Ten o'clock on Saturday night wasn't just 10 o'clock. It was leave taking time for the beaux.

Were they courageous enough to disregard the significance of the fatal tenth stroke of the clock, they heard father rap on the floor above. Such humiliation seldom was courted by overstaying the time prescribed by parental mandate.

Those too were the days when chaperones were more than an antique figure in the comic papers. They were real people, actively on the job to see that the social code was carried out to the letter.

When Mary's or Bessie's young man "popped the question", he followed the gracious custom of asking the young lady's father for her hand in marriage. No elopement, with the young newlyweds breaking in on dad and mother with the news that they had had the words said and had come home to be supported in the style to which they have been accustomed. On second thought, there is a great deal to be said in favor of the courtesy of the former days.

#### Owned Horse and Buggy.

Fannie Lorenz may have chafed at times at the dictum of the elders, as is the way of youth, but there were compensations. For instance; her horse and buggy. She had a horse and buggy of her own.

After work was done, she was at liberty to go horse back riding or driving. She had her choice of routes, but the most exciting was driving over the Catfish Ridge to shop in Hollidaysburg.

Whether she will admit it or not, shopping is a high spot in any girl's



life. But it was not wholly the lure of inspecting and comparing the stocks of merchandise in the stores that held out such joyous anticipations for Fannie Lorenz. The scenic features of the drive contributed materially to the pleasures of the trip.

All the way up the steep, wooded slope of the ridge, the eye was caught by a panorama of sheerest beauty. Imprisoned by the walls of the mountains lay the reservoir head waters of the Pennsylvania canal, mirroring on its placid bosom the image of blue sky, framed by the emerald verdure of the tree clad crest of majestic Lock mountain.

Fishermen, lazily awaiting a nibble at their bait lines, half dozed to the rocking motion of their boats as they gently rose and fell on the swell of the current. Pleasure seekers, too, paddled their small craft on the waters, peals of laughter and the sound of their voices raised to hail passing voyagers, rising to the ears of the travelers on the road high above them.

#### **Paid Toll at Newry.**

In the event that Fannie decided to go by way of the road through Newry, she had to remember not to mis-lay her pass. You see there was a toll gate at both the southern and northern ends of the town. As only one toll was collected from travelers going through on the south-north bound road, the toll gate keeper at either end gave a pass to be presented to the other gate keeper in token that the requisite through fare had been paid. It is sort of laughable today to think of having to get a ticket to go through Newry.

Depending on the nature of her errand, Fannie had a large variety of stores to go to in Hollidaysburg. For instance; there was Hewitts' on the diamond, Good's immediately below the diamond; Lingafelt's across the street from the latter; Julius Wyles,

Goldman's, B. M. Johnston and Mrs. Quinn's millinery store.

Choosing a hat was a serious undertaking. First, you selected the frame, then the trimmings, after which you went into detailed consultation with the milliner as to how, where and at what angle the trimmings should be sewed, looped and crimped thereon.

#### **Hats Had Individuality.**

Millinery was an art. It required an eye for harmony of color and arrangement and a gift for salesmanship. Milliners were born to the vocation and bred by apprenticeship. Since mass production was unknown, a girl didn't need to be afraid of seeing another hat like hers on every Aggie, Betty and Carrie in the neighborhood.

One of the earliest of Fanny's recollections was the suite of hand carved, solid mahogany, upholstered furniture in the parlor in her home at Leamersville. Bought of a relative in Lewisburg, her mother's birth place, it was transported to Leamersville by railroad and canal.

At the time of acquiring it Mrs. Lorenz had no idea that she had invested in a family heirloom. However, that is what these beautiful pieces have proved to be. Mrs. Hair has a chair of the suite, while the other pieces are owned by Frank and R. Donald Lorenz and other descendants of Bernard Lorenz.

Arrived at school age, Fannie went to school in a building which stood on the site of the present Church of the Brethren at Leamersville.

A young man, who in the future was to wear the appellation of Rev. James A. Sell, was one of her first teachers. After passing through the intermediate grades, she finished her education at private school in Lewisburg.

#### **Attends Church Regularly.**

While the absolute minimum of work was done on Sundays, there was no desire on Fannie's part to shirk

attendance at church services. A member of the Methodist Episcopal church at East Freedom, she went to Sunday school in the morning and returned for preaching at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

It was a full day for Reverends Decker, Robbins, Norcross, Mallahan, Reese or Smith, whichever one was the current pastor. He preached at Sarah Furnace, now Sproul, in the morning, East Freedom in the afternoon and Duncansville in the evening. On alternate Sundays, he managed to arrange his program in such a way that he filled an appointment at Frankstown, the other church on the circuit.

Following his marriage, Rev. James A. Sell took up house keeping in Leamersville. He can prove there is no such thing as a ghost.

He built his house on the foundation laid by John Shirley. John Shirley had intended to build the house for his own use. After finishing the foundation, he murdered his wife, beating her to death with a hammer.

As a result of this atrocious crime, he had the dubious honor of being the first criminal to be hanged in Blair county. Rev. Sell and his wife lived happily in the house with the ill-starred beginning for fifty-five years with their peace and harmony undisturbed by any visitations from the shade of Blair county's first convicted murderer.

It might be interesting to state that the brick house on the Dively-Snowberger truck farm at Leamersville is a part of the original building of the Leamersville hotel.

A horse may be a tortoise compared to an automobile, nevertheless horseback riding remains the sport of kings even in this era of speed.

However during the iron age in Morrisons Cove, their stables of blooded horses were as much a hall mark of pride and distinction to the

furnace operators as a garage full of Cadillacs or Packards would be today.

By no means the least interesting phase of the iron industry was the social life of the aristocracy. They kept open house, entertaining on a lavish scale.

The latch string dangled a cordial welcome throughout the summer to gay parties of guests from the big cities.

#### Recollections of A. B. Miller.

A. B. Miller, of Curryville, recalls that during his boyhood in Bakers Summit, Chas. Knapp, owner of the Bloomfield and Upper and Lower Maria furnaces, nearly always had a crowd of friends at his large white house at Bloomfield, built in the style of a southern plantation mansion with wide, many pillared upper and lower porches surrounding it on three sides.

In addition to his residence, he maintained another house, which today would be regarded as a country club. Here orchestras imported from the cities played the music for frequent balls at which the ladies in their stylish silks, satins and sparkling jewels danced in time to "The Beautiful Blue Danube" waltz or gyrated to the livelier schottisches and polkas. Their partners looked almost as resplendent, with their brocaded vests and heavy gold watch chains looped across them, complementing the varicolor of the assemblage.

While the community folks followed these high jinks with great interest, they had no desire from feelings of envy to step across the line which set them in a class apart from the big bugs, as they called the elite.

#### Natives Also Had Good Times.

The young natives had just as good times among themselves, they thought, when they sneaked off from parental vigilance and stamped with vigorous tread the figures of the "Irish Wash Lady" or "The Girl I



Left Behind Me" to the scraping of a couple of fiddles.

The bitterness noticeable today among the working classes against the rich was totally absent. Their chief interest in the iron aristocracy was curiosity excited by the different way of life in the two worlds in which each moved.

Of far more moment were the strings of beautiful riding horses kept by the men of the Knapp and the Moss families. Pure bred and groomed until their coats had the sheen of satin, the horses, in the eyes of the yeomanry, were objects almost of veneration.

Mr. Miller says it was an inspiring sight to see the big bugs ride at break neck speed along the Bloomfield road. His attention was centered so singly on the horses that he paid little attention to the riders.

He remembers that there were ladies among them sitting on side saddles so surely and gracefully that, no matter how great the speed, they rode every whit as well as the men. The wonder was how they managed to stick on because the riders aimed to get the last spurt of speed out of their steeds.

#### Were Strapped To Saddles.

There was a secret about the ladies' fine horsemanship. They were strapped to the saddle. At least that was what Henry Weaver, the hostler, told little Andy Miller, who liked nothing better than to loiter about the stables.

The hostler pointed to bunches of long straps which hung on pegs in a cupboard in the stable. Maybe he was just spoofing the lad. On the other hand, if it were true, it certainly would have been fatal to the riders if any of the horses had fallen.

Very often there would be dozens of riders, riding in a straight line, one following the other, the whole string stretching out well on to a half mile long. The leader set the pace, blow-

ing loud blasts on a horn at intervals to jazz things up a bit.

The country lads thought these lines of dashing riders the most wonderful thing in the world. However, the horses, together with the open-handed hospitality of their owners, ran into money. So much so, in fact, that it is quite conceivable that they contributed in no slight degree to hurry on the bankruptcy which befell the iron operators.

However that may be, it is a fact that Bessemer can be blamed with being the man that actually shut down the iron furnaces in Blair county.

#### Developed New Process.

Sir Henry Bessemer, the great English inventor, developed the process of making cheaper and better steel. By means of blowing blasts of air through molten pig iron, he eliminated the carbon. This process had the effect of concentrating the steel industry at Pittsburgh.

The big steel men soon found out it was cheaper to have the raw ore shipped in to their plants and converted into steel by a continuous process rather than to buy the pig from independent furnace operators scattered throughout the iron producing countries.

The independent pig iron manufacturers tried desperately to stave off the ruin that was staring them in the face. One expedient was to import car loads of ore from foreign countries at a cost lower than it could be mined locally in the hope that they could reduce the price sufficiently to unload the pig on the Pittsburgh market.

That is the reason the Roaring Spring boys of the early Eighties wondered why there were always so many cars shunted on to the railway siding at Rodman and McKee which were marked with names of countries across the ocean.

### Business Forced To Close.

The Knapp Co. waited hopefully for some other inventor to think up a process that would make their own ore banks profitable. But no such miracle worker appeared, and soon they were obliged to pocket their losses and move out.

While the industry was in its hey day in the Cove, the fever to sink shafts to tap iron pockets spread like the measles. One farmer after another, especially in the Leathercracker Cove district dug for iron.

There were the Faulknor mine, the John Hoover mine, one near the Stonerook Hill school House and several others, most of which never got farther than being just holes in the ground. However when Sam Kinney took his pick and shovel in hand he did not waste his time on digging for anything less precious than gold.

While the gold failed to materialize, he dug up enough bright expectations to float quite a good deal of sucker gold mine stock.

Although he amplified and glorified the idea, Billy Sunday did not invent the saw dust trail.

The forerunner of his great evangelistic campaigns was the country camp meeting. Scarcely a backwoods community in the United States but revived the fervors of its religious life through the instrumentality of these open air assemblies.

Co-incident with the flourishing of the iron furnaces at Bloomfield, and the Sarah, the upper and lower Maria and McKee plants, camp meeting in the woods near Bakers Summit was the event of supreme interest every year.

In the fall of the year when the rambo apples in Andy Baker's orchard began to mellow and the grapes and late peaches in adjoining vineyards and fence rows spilled their luscious fragrance on the air, word was passed around that Exhorter

John Jonathan W. Williams, of Roaring Spring was going to hold Methodist camp meeting.

### Burned Stumps for Light.

No sooner had the date been fixed than some of the farmers hauled in a good supply of stumps to the camp grounds for illumination.

You see three large stone cairns had been built adjacent to the rough board ranks of seats, two on either side, and one at the entrance to the grove, upon which the stumps were piled. Ignited, they would burn for hours, thereby diffusing light and incense eminently fitting for this primitive form of worship in the forest, "God's first temple."

When the exhorter had worked up the excitement to high pitch, crowds of converts, shouted, clapped their hands, leaped, confessed their sins and raised their voices in jubilant glory halleluiahs at the mourners' bench.

Included in the crowds that came to worship were the rough necks whose motive was to stir up devilment. Watchful to ward off trouble, some of the deacons and earnest lay members patrolled the outskirts of the assembly to keep order.

Not infrequently they settled disturbers of the peace by knocking them out in a fist fight. In the event that the strongest biceps did not happen to be on the side of the righteous, the jeers of the ruffians soared above the shouts of the saved.

### Fights Drew Little Notice.

No one paid much attention to fisticuffs between the church fathers and the rough necks. Such doings were in the natural course of events. However once when some miscreant threw a handful of cartridges on to the stump lighting fires, the forbearance of the congregation broke and all united in condemnation.

Under the spell of the good preacher's undiluted description of the fire and brimstone awaiting the unsaved,



Therefore when one of the most faithful women workers fell in love with and married a drunkard, it was one of those strange paradoxes of human nature that no amount of tongue wagging could explain.

#### Mule Pasture. At McKee.

No one now would suspect that the lowland lying between the McKee railway station and Wineland's mill at Leamersville was a mule pasture. During the time the furnaces were in operation lush grass grew in that stretch of meadows.

The Knapp company turned their mules out to pasture between work tricks. Frank Lorenz recalls that part of it was mowed for hay, yielding stacks of it for winter forage. He furthermore remembers that twelve wagon teams, of six mules each, were utilized at the furnaces, working in twelve hour shifts.

According to records kept by Collins Green, of Roaring Spring, whose father was wagon maker at McKee, the white collar employes were rated a salary on the basis of the amount of figuring they did. Thus the bookkeeper received \$50 a month while the store keeper was paid only \$40. The keeper of the furnace was the most highly paid employe.

There were no regular pay days. The employes bought goods at the company store and drew out money as they needed it throughout the year, the bookkeeper entering the account of each transaction. In view of the fact that the bulk of the business of the store was done by barter, one can sense that the bookkeeper was a busy man.

#### Children Carried Whiskey.

During the regime of the Knapps, they employed some Swedes, who lived with their families in the log cabins owned by the company, a few of which still are standing.

Little Frank Lorenz thought they must be a curious lot because they

the explosion of the cartridges created the impression that hades had started to pop right in their midst. The resulting confusion can better be imagined than described.

Each year the high light of the camp meeting was the conversion of some of Yellow Bellies. This gang of rough and ready fighters espoused the lost cause of the confederacy for nothing other than the avowed purpose of picking fights.

To these brawny, tough muscled men, a mix-up with fists and hob nailed boots, was the spice of life. The Mobleys, Morrisons, Pryors, Hales, Crofts, Geiselmans and Shades, iron workers with iron sinews and courage, composed a fighting breed, the like of which the cove no longer produces.

Camp meeting time some of them sincerely and whole heartedly got religion. Earnestly they tried to hold out in the strait and narrow way, only to drift back eventually into their former state.

#### Whiskey Fostered Fights.

The turbulence of the fighters partially was attributed to whiskey. Temperance workers, both men and women, worked hard in the community to bury John Barleycorn.

Jim Cooper, one of the furnace operators, drove about the country in his one horse buggy, holding temperance rallies in school houses and making personal contacts with individuals.

His consistent efforts doubtless did a great deal of good. However, he must have felt discouraged, not to say embarrassed, when, on offering a ride to a fellow supporter of the cause, he discovered a demi-John of liquor in the buggy, conspicuously placed there by a jokester.

Temperance crusaders, both men and women, fought valiantly to combat rum. Public opinion was crystalized into protest against drinking.

regularly sent their children to the tavern with the family demi-johns to have them filled with whiskey. Somehow Frank couldn't get it through his head that that was the proper kind of errand for children to do.

Even so, that was not half so funny as to see the old ladies sitting in their door ways in the log cabins contentedly smoking clay pipes while they rested. Verily the iron workers' log cabins were a source of continuous amusement to small Frank.

Had any one told the hard fisted iron workers, as they sweated through twelve hour shifts at the Maria and McKee furnaces, that all their labor would leave to posterity was some first class swimming holes, they would have taken it as personal insult.

They believed the iron deposits were as permanent as the eternal hills from whose depths they dug the precious mineral. Alas! for the plans of men. The mutability of time casts them aside as ruthlessly as the winds disperse the fallen leaves.

For many years the ore holes have been filled with water. The youngsters who disported in them likely were little concerned as to the reason for the ready made pools.

#### Ore History Forgotten.

Now since it is the fad for the fathers and the mothers to go in swimming too, few of them realize the historic background of the ore holes. The Cove's magnificent iron age already has receded so far into the dim past that it has almost ceased to be even a memory.

Yet when the Bessemer steel process and the rich Lake Superior ores put the Cove iron into the discard in the middle eighties the banks at the Mines and Rebecca Furnace had been worked from 1814 and 1817 respectively. Also, the product of the Bloomfield mines was so highly regarded that during the Civil War,

Captain Rodman, a foremost gun inventor and manufacturer, petitioned the government to buy the mines in order that it would have a monopoly of the iron solely for the purpose of making the Rodman guns.

The gigantic convulsions which heaved up the Allegheny mountains made a strange jumble of the iron deposits in Blair county.

An old geological survey, published in 1881, was loaned the writer by Floyd Hoenstine, of whose comprehensive historical library frequent mention has been made in these sketches. The old book reveals some curious facts.

#### Iron Deposits Small.

In many instances, especially in reference to the Bloomfield mines, the iron ore in its pure state was no larger than wheat and coffee grains. Occasionally "bomb shells", as the largest masses were called, turned up. But for the most part it was made up of multitudinous small particles embedded in strata of red and yellow clay.

Co-incidentally, large quantities of white clay appeared above or between the red and yellow layers but it bore no slightest trace of iron. At Rebecca Furnace and Leather Cracker the red ore-yielding clays were comparatively near the surface. Yet underground streams of water, "swamps" and "horsebacks" of flint intervened in spots to make the ores almost inaccessible.

The ore had to be washed to free it of the clay, which in contact with water was rendered sticky whereby it clung to the ore with the tenacity of putty. This necessitated the employment of either boys or men as "clay pickers", who picked the ore free by hand.

Convenience to water therefore was absolutely essential to successful handling of the ore. Machines run by steam were employed to wash off



the clay and sand.

By far the most elaborate washing equipment in the Cove was installed at the Bloomfield mines. According to the geological survey the Bloomfield fields included the Bloomfield mines proper, the German bank, Har-rity, "Ridge," Kroft, Clarke, Barley, Stuckey and Liedig banks.

#### Had Six Ore Washers.

"There were six double shaft Thomas patent washers," states J. King McLanahan, lessee of the mines in the late seventies, "with shafts 28 ft. long, five of which are kept running while the other is held in reserve for emergencies.

"I have a traveling table, which receives the ore from the Bradford screen. All ore that will not pass through the quarter inch mesh on the Bradford screen, is discharged into a second revolving screen made of 9 mesh wire cloth, where it is washed clean of fine sand and dirt.

"The finer part, comparable in size to wheat or coffee, is carried to a jig and cleaned of flint and like particles.

"The mine cars run from the mine to the washers by gravity, and we push them back with a small locomotive. The cars hold about one cubic yard each and we wash about 450 per diem. Each washer yields about 25 tons of wash ore per day of 10 hours, making a total daily output from the five washers of 125 tons. In addition I can ship about 50 tons of lump ore per day, making about 50,000 tons a year."

Very tersely Mr. McLanahan describes the process by which the water was carried from the steam pump dam to the ore banks. While he reduces the whole proposition to dry and unromantic figures, his description does not fail to stimulate the imagination with the realization that the water works were no small potatoes, even

when compared with present day engineering efficiency.

#### Water From Halter Creek.

Mr. McLanahan continues:

"We get water to wash the ore from Halter's Creek, about one and a half miles from the washers.

"We have a steam pump at the creek, which has a 16 inch steam cylinder, 9 inch water cylinder and a 36 inch length of stroke.

"The pump runs 18 hours daily. During the time the pump is running, while the washers are still, the water is discharged into a reservoir at the washers, and is again pumped up into the washers when they are in full operation.

"The leading pipe from the pump is 3600 ft. long and the water is thrown to an elevation of 200 feet."

This bird's eye view of the steam pump water works gives all the important details. A pipe three-quarters of a mile long, which carried the water to an elevation of 200 ft. was an expensive washing machine.

During Mr. Rickettson's ownership of the ore banks, he paid the men such abnormally high wages that some of them got the idea that his generosity must be a sign of his being an easy mark.

#### Many Workers Shirked.

Thus while the majority honestly tried to return full value received, others loafed unconscionably on the job when the gang foreman's eye was engaged in other quarters.

Such conduct aroused the anger of the faithful workers, who felt that their fellow laborers' lack of ambition gave a black eye to their own self-respect.

While the common run of ore bankers were not educated men, they knew enough to call things by their right names instead of showing their ignorance by referring to this and that as a hootenanny or a thing-amagig.

They could tell the difference between hematite, limonite, fossil, gray or red bastard ores, names, which to most of us, are as foreign as Greek or Latin. The better class miners discussed the relative qualities these ores with considerable understanding, each boosting his own diggings while deriding the product of other localities. Quite often the discussions ended up in a free-for-all fist fight.

In a chance encounter between the two men as they were riding horse back of Tussey mountain, Dr. Peter Shoenberger remarked to Barney Lorenz, his young German immigrant employee:

"I hear you're thinking of getting married. Why, you aren't making enough money to get married."

"Yes, but I will be," replied Barney, "because you are going to pay me more."

Dr. Shoenberger did pay him more wages. Barney married and prosperity attended his endeavors to the extent that he eventually managed six iron furnaces, two of which he owned outright, leasing the other four.

He had landed in Pittsburgh, a boy of sixteen, with ten dollars in his pocket. He died a rich man. The story of his life was a materialization of the theme, "from poverty to riches."

#### Earned Good Fortune.

Neither was Lady Luck responsible for his good fortune. The ingredients of his success were courage, business acumen, industry and individual initiative. Nature gifted him with horse sense, and strict application to the job in hand supplied the rest.

His son, Henry C. Lorenz, father of Frank and R. Donald Lorenz, of Roaring Spring, followed in his father's footsteps, assisting the elder man in the iron industry and in later years continuing it on his own responsibility.

Henry C. Lorenz kept a diary dur-

ing the period of the Civil war, which fortunately has been preserved for posterity. The day to day entries, brief as they are, so truly reflect the spirit of the times and the manner of life of the people, that we are transported back to the very scenes and experiences we see through his eyes and feel through his reactions.

The thick vest pocket size, leather bound books begin with the year 1862. The war had been in progress slightly more than nine months. Henry's brother John was serving in the Union forces in South Carolina.

#### Mail Arrival Big Event.

The arrival of the daily mail brought to Rebecca Furnace either by hack or horse back from Martinsburg was the high light of the day's events. Eagerly Henry, as well as the furnace hands, await the arrival of the newspaper. As a matter of fact, Henry rides to town nearly every day himself to get the mail, the mail man apparently being only a weekly or semi-weekly visitor.

Every week, at times with greater frequency, the Lorenz family receives a letter from John. The attitude of the folks, according to Henry's private observations as he consigns them to the diary, is that the rebels are at the end of their tether. Every time the newspaper comes, they expect to read of Lee's army having been crushed.

Throughout the year of 1862 the disposition among the Lorenz employees is "Let the other fellow do the shooting." While they argue vociferously about the causes of the war and the shortcomings of the Rebels, they as yet feel no personal responsibility. The rising tide toward enlistment which stirred the fifteen and sixteen year old school boys to run off to the war, was not perceptible.

Not till Lee's successes threatened invasion of the north did the men of the Cove answer the call to arms with a fervor that swept nearly every able-



bodied man into the service.

#### Wanted To Enlist.

Henry had wished to enlist when his brother John went to the colors, but his father asked him to remain at home and help carry the onerous burdens incident to supervising the Rebecca, Allegheny (near Altoona) and Sarah furnaces.

Therefore, the young man's father paid the bounty of \$300 to buy his exemption from the draft. The daily entries are concerned with horse back trips between Rebecca and Allegheny furnaces, the operation of the store, repairing break downs, breaking mule colts, unpacking the new orders of goods which come in every few months, settling disputes among the hands and making the rounds of the charcoal hearths or coalings in the barrens or on the mountain. Keeping the colliers, wood hearthers, wagoners, quarrymen, wood choppers and iron workers in line, necessitates the almost constant demand on the hostler of "Give me my boots and saddle."

In between times he scrupulously attends church services, class and prayer meetings, with an occasional trip on the Huntingdon and Broad Top railroad to a Sunday school celebration in the hard coal regions or dropping in to tea at home when guests are present and participating in singing and spelling schools, by way of social diversions.

Monday, July 18, 1862, he writes that he left Allegheny for his home at Rebecca Furnace at "8 A. M., arrived at 1:00 P. M." as he rides along he notes that "Everybody is busy along the road making hay and the cradlers are cutting grain. Building a new bridge at Leamersville."

#### Fast Horseback Riding.

He must have been cantering along quite briskly to make the long trip in five hours. Although his eyes took in the scenes of hay-making and harvesting along the road, his mind was

deeply engrossed with the problem as to whether he should, "sell out Rebecca Furnace to Lytle."

Naively he confides to his diary that Rebecca Furnace is not "doing so well." The out-put is below expectations and the men are "drunk and quarreling among themselves. In a few days he records, "the deal with Lytle fell through."

Under date of Friday, May 2, 1862, the entry appears: "Raw day. Some of the furnace hands sick. Capture of New Orleans confirmed, which will make the traitors tremble in their shoes."

Saturday, May 3. "Cold, raw day. Kept very busy selling store goods. War news very encouraging. Rebels are getting whipped on every side. Their cause seems hopeless and they are getting discouraged."

That spirit of confidence in the speedy conquest of the traitors gradually undergoes a change. Repeatedly, the disillusioned diarist indites the opinion that the "war news is not very satisfactory."

September 3rd and 4th, we sense a great quickening of interest, i e; "Went to war meeting down at Fouse's school house tonight. Great excitement on account of drafting. Union forces driven back to Washington City."

#### Recruiting At Martinsburg.

September 9: "Very great excitement about the war. The militia ordered to be ready at an hour's notice. Martinsburg men busy recruiting for their company."

September 10: "News getting worse instead of better. The rebels seem to be having it all their own way and are reported to be in Maryland and on their way to Pennsylvania. Raising men very fast."

September 11: "Tomorrow is exemption day. Many of the men are crippled which was not known before."

September 12: A little levity seeps

through the tense excitement as the day's entry reveals — "Examination day in Martinsburg. Hands nearly all going in to see the fun and be examined in order to be exempt from the draft. Many people in town. Very exciting news from the army. The rebels are advancing towards Pennsylvania."

September 18: Find managing pretty hard business. Keeps a person moving. Good news from the army. Our men are beating the rebels back. Martinsburg company left today for Harrisburg."

Now, what does this mean? September 22: "Minute hands finished cleaning vats and stacking coal." Why were they called minute hands?

#### **Learned To Tame Horses.**

September 24: "Horse tamer here teaching the art of training wild horses. Paid him a dollar for teaching me."

The horse and buggy days had their drawbacks, as witness this: September 27: "Went to Hollidaysburg. Started about 9 o'clock. Broke the buggy twice, which detained me until late this evening. Minute hands husking corn. No very important news from the army. Crissman's Cavalry coming home."

Manager Lorenz must have had pretty fast buggy horses. On October 4, he writes: "Took Susan out to meet the hack in Martinsburg but the hack was gone. I had to follow it. Caught it the other side of Sharpsburg."

Tuesday, October 14: "Election day. Nearly all hands off half the day. Very great excitement about the election. Traitor Democrats doing all they can to elect their candidates. Hired three Rebel prisoners to work for us."

Paul Revere, in all avenues of life rode through the Cove spreading the news that the rebels were pushing their invasion of Pennsylvania northward and could lie expected at any moment.

Conflicting rumors were afloat. The rebels were at Hancock, now at Bloody Run. No, that was not true. They were at Harrisburg.

No one knew where they were but none questioned but that they were near at hand. The excitement which ensued is described by Henry C. Lorenz, who hastily jotted down a few kaleidoscopic flashes of the confusion the news produced in the Cove.

On Monday, June 15, 1863, his pen is so instinct with excitement that the lines are blotted in the diary, "Great excitement," he writes. "Reported raid of the rebels on Pennsylvania."

Then at intervals follow in staccato sentences such observations as:

"Country in a great uproar. Citizens in Martinsburg making preparations for driving back the rebels. Commenced obstructing the roads up on the mountain."

#### **Blocked Mountain Road.**

Wednesday, June 17: "Still working on the mountain fortifying to beat back the rebels. Started for Hollidaysburg, but did not get far. Fire broke out on the mountain and burnt greater part of the bench job. Stood guard all night on the mountain."

Saturday, June 20: "Men on the mountain working on the fortifications." June 23: "Report of rebels being at Bloody Run all false."

Thereafter such items as these tell their story: "Rumors of the state of our country very conflicting. Rode up through the Cove to Woodbury and to Pattonville. Saw some militia men at the latter place guarding the gap.

"News came (July 1) of the rebel raid in this section. Rebels were reported at Newburgh and coming this way fast. Great excitement. Started teams off with the store goods. Militia turning out. Up nearly all night."

July 2: "I rode up on the mountain where the militia men are stationed. Report of the rebels being at New-



burgh said to be not correct."

July 4: "Birthday of American Independence. Militia drilling in Martinsburg."

July 5: "Rumors of the defeat of our forces by Lee proved to be not correct."

Mr. Lorenz must have believed that Tuesday, July 28, put the jinx on him, for he makes the entry, "Hauled in three loads of hay. Had had luck with first load. It fell off twice and threw mules into the creek."

#### Took Over Blast Furnace.

During 1864 Mr. Lorenz took charge of a blast furnace at Rock Hill, Huntington county. Alternately lulled into security by news of Union successes and thrown into an extremity of terror by reported Confederate advances, the people of the Cove and Woodcock valley followed the daily routine of duties as best they could.

Throughout July excitement flows and ebbs until it culminates into the bedlam which ensues when the news of Early's raid into Chambersburg is received. Reaching Chambersburg on July 30, he demanded an immediate ransom of \$200,000.00 in gold. As it was impossible for the citizens to raise this sum, the rebel general issued orders to set fire to the town. In an hour's time two-thirds of it was reduced to ashes.

A pretty accurate picture of the effect of this vandalism on our grandparents can be gleaned from the following excerpts from Mr. Lorenz's diary:

"Great scare about rebel raid. Store keepers packing up their goods. Packed our goods this evening. Great excitement. Up till 2 o'clock. No account of raid in the papers.

"Still a little under the weather this morning on account of retiring late last night. Did not attend Sunday school or church. Very exciting reports of the rebel raid. In town to hear dispatches all evening.

#### Rebels Driven Back.

August 1: "Very distressing news from the scene of late rebel operations. Chambersburg reported burned. Rebels driven back." (It apparently took two days to transmit the full details of the destruction of the Franklin county capital).

Next day: No special news from the raiders. No important news from any portion of the army."

Ah, what's this? In the midst of the fright and uncertainty, Mr. Lorenz's attention is distracted momentarily from the war news by a matter of major importance at home, viz:

"Burglars broke into office tonight. Stole sack coat, blue overcoat, collier blankets, bacon, tallow, etc.

"Refugees going past nearly all day — Wagons, live stock and people. Rebs reported still advancing. Folks packing up their stores. We packed up this evening and got wagons ready for starting off. Later on news not so bad; excitement calming down."

The above was written on August 6th. On the 8th, things are resuming their normal tone, as per this entry: "News of the rebs being whipped and driven back. Excitement gradually subsiding. Some fellows arrived from Blair county to chop wood. Walked out with them to Sandy Ridge job. Went to town. Had a talk with some young ladies. Spent a very agreeable hour."

#### News More Encouraging.

August 9: Blair County Choppers cleared out last night. Very warm day. Huckster wagon here with cantelopes, peaches, etc. News more encouraging. Rebels defeated."

At intervals, we glimpse as we turn the diary pages, "Nothing new on the carpet." "Nothing stirring." Here we thought the latter expression was modern slang. Since we have evidence that it dates back to Civil War days, we must consign it to bald head row. It's got whiskers.

Friday, September 30, 1864 our young Civil War time friend takes a little time off to indulge in politics. Note: "Drove to Mt. Union in the buggy. Went to Huntingdon. Great excitement here. Mass meeting ratifying nomination of Lincoln and Johnson. Met many old friends. Greatest meeting ever known in Huntingdon."

Leafing backward we find this item entered on Tuesday, July 12, 1864: "Great excitement this morning. Officers after John Weight last night. Weight frightened every person on the bank. Wakened the people up and had a regular time. Deserters making tracks this morning. Weight and Rutter captured and sent off to the army."

The grandchildren of the diarist's father, Barney Lorenz, have a highly prized souvenir of the back fire in the Cove resulting from the destruction to Chambersburg. It is a set of silver spoons, butter spreaders and sugar shells.

During the time everybody was scurrying around hiding their valuables to secure them from the rebel raiders, Mr. Lorenz secreted a store of silver coins in an old well.

After the war was over he had the coins smelted and made into the spoons and other pieces. Some of the tablespoons are wrought into a handsome trefoil leaf design, beautifully engraved while the others are plain. Needless to say these historic family heirlooms are greatly prized by their owners.

Although the menace of invasion constantly overshadowed the lives of the people of Morrisons Cove during the latter years of the Civil war, their slogan was, "The daily routine must go on."

Work in the home, on the farm, in the multitudinous blacksmith shops, cross roads stores, and the mills and furnaces, went on as diligently as in peace time.

Henry Lorenz, riding from Alle-

gheny Forge to Rebecca Furnace and across Tussey mountain to Rock Hill near Petersburg, takes time before returning to well-earned repose to consign to his diary the chief events of each passing day.

As he trots along, the leisurely speed of his mode of travel affords him opportunity to really drink in the beauties of the landscape and commune with nature. Occasionally his enjoyment of the pastoral scenes inspires him to a burst of poetical expression quite different from the statements of prosaic happenings which form the main interest of his earnest, work-a-day world. The song of birds, the rhythmic swish of the grain cradle, the sparkle of the sun on dewey meadows, move him to exaltation at times.

#### Large Dunker Meeting

On Friday, May 22, 1863, he indites an important event. He says: Dunker meeting commenced today. Dunkers traveling the road very thick. Gathering at the meeting very fast."

He refers to the annual meeting of the Dunkers, now the Church of the Brethren, the only yearly conference of the denomination to have been held in Martinsburg. In later comment Mr. Lorenz writes, "Supposed to be about 8,000 people in attendance."

On account of the large attendance, we take it for granted that it was an open air meeting, probably held in the Memorial park.

Sunday, May 24th, we gather that a devastating fire on the mountain must have very nearly broken up the morning session of the conference. This assumption being based on the following entry:

"Very warm and beautiful day. People crowding to the Dunker meeting. Went up this morning. After being there a short while, an alarm of fire was raised and we had to leave. No fire in the furnace chopping. Did not get back until four o'clock when



a great part of the crowd had dispersed."

The next day he mentions talking with some old acquaintances at the meeting. "Put in a jolly time. Got home late," is a further elucidation, conveying the impression that the social side of the big meeting was not the least of its features.

#### Fire Still Spread.

However, the fire on the mountain continues to spread, for he writes thereafter that he engages in fighting the fire the remainder of the week until Friday. Apparently the men battle the flames day and night, for he describes his coming home in the evening, tired and hungry and suffering for water. After supper he trudges back to the fire to continue the onslaught against the ravening conflagration.

Owing perhaps to the charcoal hearths, fires on the mountain were of frequent occurrence. As a rule they were gotten under control before the damage was extensive. They not only threatened the growing timber but the cord wood ranked in readiness for its reduction to charcoal. Mr. Lorenz mentions that twenty cords were consumed during one of the fires.

There was no railroad in the Cove during the Civil War. Young Mr. Lorenz spent whole days in the saddle, covering surprising distances over roads which in the spring of the year, he describes as being "exceedingly muddy."

#### Travel Had Difficulties.

When he changes his locomotion to wagon or buggy, these same muddy roads are accountable for numerous instances of "bad luck today," such as "Broke shaft. Horse fell on it." "Wheel came off" and various other accidents.

Friday, March 18, by right of misadventure, should have been the 13th. Take notice to this: "Took two horse team and went to Woodbury for

piano. Had very bad luck. Broke spindle of wagon off, which necessitated another trip next day for balance of piano fixtures."

"What? Was there a piano store in Woodbury back in the Sixties?"

During the winter of 1864, the young furnace manager rides over to Piney Creek, up and down Clover Creek and from Williamsburg to Pattons-ville, trying to buy hay, straw and grain. He complains the farmers are holding on to their products, apparently in the expectation of higher prices. On January 30, he buys seven mules, paying \$165.00 each for young mules."

Hay is \$22.00 a ton, corn \$1.20 a bushel. While dickering with the Ackers, Fouses, Faulkenors and Dillings for these commodities, he makes a side trip to Millerstown to order Blacksmith James Miller to make a wagon for the contract price of \$37.

Saturday, Feb. 6, 1864, he draws up an agreement with "Buckle and P. B. Acker to remain on the farms now occupied by them, they to give us 2-5 of the grain, etc. raised on old land and 1-3 off of newly cleared, unless we move away. They then to give Mrs. Lytle 2-5 of all grain raised; they to pay all taxes on \$3000 valuation."

#### Was Inspector At Election.

Friday, February 19 was election day. Mr. Lorenz was "at polls all day on account of being on the board as inspector. Republicans carried the election. Democrats very much dispirited. Folks very much excited on the war question. Are raising money to pay the bounty."

When he desired to take a train ride, Mr. Lorenz boarded "the cars" at Cove Station, across Tussey mountain. While Blair county was shy on steam locomotion, Cove Station on the Huntingdon and Broad Top, across the mountain from Fredericksburg, was the point of embarkation for

nearly the whole of Morrisons Cove.

The old Huntingdon and Broad Top did a thriving business in the palmy days when war demands on iron and coal boosted traffic. Rattling along at the breath taking speed of thirty miles an hour, the trains kept pretty well on schedule time unless a cow happened to be on the track.

On Tuesday, July 5, 1864, our diarist records: "Cars ran over a cow, which threw them off the track, detaining us a long time." So you see railway travel on the Huntingdon and Broad Top was not without its hazards.

#### Trains Efficient Tho Ancient.

The train may have looked like a neglected step-child alongside the modern, stream lined, aristocrats of the rail, but she got there just the same. By utilizing the different stages of horse and buggy, steam cars and shank's mare, Mr. Lorenz at the Rock Hill Furnace was only a few hours' journey from his home at Rebecca Furnace, as the following record proves:

Wednesday, August 3, 1864: "Drove to Mt. Union, took cars to Huntingdon. Stopped at Morrison's until evening. Took Broad Top train to Cove Station. Walked over the mountain home. Found all well and preparing for the festivities of tomorrow."

What the nature of the celebration was, he does not disclose but there must have been a gay time at Rebecca Furnace for Mr. Lorenz notes: "Folks from a distance gathering in; also some Martinsburg ladies. Spent a gay time; enjoyed myself hugely. Everything passed off very pleasantly."

The year 1864 has been a busy period for our young gallant, but quite frequently mention creeps into the daily records of pleasant evenings with this and that charming young Huntingdon county lady.

Saturday, August 20, 1864, he takes

the "Emigrant train to Huntingdon. Stopped at the Jackson House until evening. Got some photographs and bought sleeve buttons at Swartz's. Took Broad Top cars and went to Hopewell. Met different old acquaintances. Stopped at Jas Eichelberger's."

#### Camp Meeting Great Event.

This is a great occasion, since the young man is taking a few days off to go to camp meeting. Judging by his enthusiastic comment, camp meeting is a great social event, apart from its religious aspect, for he spends three days visiting, sight seeing and meeting friends and acquaintances.

Unfortunately he does not say where the camp meeting is, but it must have been in the vicinity of Everett. Leaving Hopewell on Sunday morning, he comments thus:

"Took cars this morning for camp grounds. Train very long and very much crowded. A perfect jam at camp. Met quite a number of friends and acquaintances. Took dinner at Bloody Run Hotel."

Monday it rained all day. In the evening the down-pour was so great that "Typper and I stayed in Union tent on camp grounds all night."

Next day the sun shone forth and, "Typper, Capt. Eichelberger and I took Miss Wishart, Mattie Wilhelm and Della to Bedford. Took dinner at Dibert's, afterwards called to see Miss Nicodemus then went out to the Springs. Enjoyed the trip hugely. Came back to Bedford, hired a hack and got to the camp ground in time for preaching."

Wednesday: "Took morning train for home. Walked over the mountain from Cove Station. Got home about half past eleven."

#### Had Plenty Amusements.

What with musical entertainments, oyster suppers, going for grapes and chestnuts and hunting turkey, life for this young industrialist in the Sixties was not all work and no play.



As for instance, take his trip to Harrisburg on Monday, November 14, 1834. He gives it in a nut shell thus: "Allen and I drove to Mt. Union. Took the cars to Harrisburg. Stopped at U. S. Hotel. Walked around and viewed the city for the first time. Called upon Miss Gratz at Female Seminary. Walked up to view the Capitol. Took supper at hotel, saw Miss Gratz, after which we went to theatre."

Substitute automobile for cars and walking, and Mr. Lorenz's trip to Harrisburg differs not at all from what the rural young man of today would consider a 1933 model pleasure trip to the city.

The diary comes abruptly to an end December 20, 1864, this antedating the close of the war and being also prior to his marriage to Laura Adella Leamer, daughter of his step-mother by a former marriage.

She is the Della whose name appears frequently through the diary—going to school at Pittsburgh where Frances E. Willard, the great temperance worker was one of her instructors, or returning home for vacations, during which her playing on the piano contributed to many pleasant evenings.

While they had no thought of establishing family heirlooms when they commenced housekeeping, the handsome, hardwood furniture and silverware which were in daily use in their household, are prized today by their son R. Donald Lorenz and his wife, who own them, not only for the value any antique collector would attach to them as examples of the highest type of American handicraft, but principally for their historic and family association.

How-de-do. S'nice day. D'ye think it'll rain?

You can let off all the steam you like. Revile, libel and abuse it; fret, complain and scold to your heart's content. Blame it for your

rheumatism, spoiling your picnic or burning up your crops, but you can't change its course nor does it ever answer back.

No, the weather marches serenely on without asking our opinion. Our economic well being, health, yes even life itself may be dependent upon it, but we can not influence it by one jot or tittle.

Is it any wonder then that our form of greeting to one another has become established as an observation about the weather? Or that it is the support and back stay of social conversation?

Who has not gone through one of those unaccountable break-downs in conversation at a party when everybody all at once is stricken tonguetied? No matter how desperately one's thoughts flounder from one subject to another that awful pause lengthens and deepens until some one gets the happy inspiration to volunteer.

#### Weather Dependable Topic.

"Haven't we had the loveliest weather, just right for a trip to the sea shore? I guess you all know Bill and Mary Newlywed are on their honeymoon to Atlantic City." And with that opening wedge, general conversation is resumed and a "good time is had by all."

We are all the time saying that we've never seen such weather, that the seasons "haint what they uster was."

Well, they were saying the same think back in Civil War times, Henry C. Lorenz notes in his diary written in 1864 that the weather is on a rampage, cold when it ought to be warm, wet when it should be dry and going from one extreme to another throughout much of the year. The kind of weather, in fact, like, "we've never seen before."

It was so cold in January he nearly froze to death while coming home from Pittsburgh. He had gone to the

Smoky City, by the way, to accompany Miss Della Leamer and his father to the Pittsburgh Female Seminary where Miss Leamer went to school.

Making careful note of his expenditures, we see that he paid the young lady's train fare, amounting to \$3.80, omnibus fare, 25c; trunks, 25c; Pd. Mr. Pershing \$50 and Mr. Moorhead, \$100. The latter amounts represented tuition, paid out of Miss Leamer's legacy from her deceased father's estate.

#### Was Relative of Noted General.

The name Pershing since the World war is a household word owing to General John J. Pershing's gallant record as a military commander and strategist. The Mr. Pershing, head of the Pittsburgh Female Seminary, whom Miss Leamer liked and respected as a school man, was an uncle of the general.

To resume our record of the weather: Mr. Lorenz makes mention on Friday January 8, 1864 that he "Remained at home all day, sick from the cold of yesterday."

The weather man rang in some lightning quick changes because on Monday, January 11, we read from the diary, "Sun came out about 9 o'clock and spoiled the sleighing".

Evidently the changeable weather strained the disposition of our diarist because the notation for Saturday, January 16, states, "Had a fuss with E. Trumbath about grinding his axes. He quit."

The next day he finished filling the ice house and spent the evening at "Pierson's. Sledding party there from Martinsburg."

By January 17 (Sunday) a thaw set in turning the roads so muddy that the ore wagons were bogged down. The following Tuesday it was "Misting, raining and snowing," resulting in a flood which washed out the bank of the race. However it, "blew up very cold this evening, very

high winds."

#### Weather Changes Unexpectedly

Next day was "moderate and very pleasant." Throughout the remainder of the month, mud, ice, rain and snow follow in such rapid succession that one wonders whether there must not have been a riot in the weather factory with Jack Frost, Old Sol and Jupiter Pluvius having a free for all knock down to the finish.

Aha! Here we see what the fashion notes were for the Lorenz hired girl, who received a wage of \$1.00 per week. We find she took the greater part of her year's earnings of \$52 out in trade at the Rebecca Furnace or Allegheny Forge stores.

For instance Elizabeth Gates in the early months of the year 1851, bought among other things: Dress from Huntingdon, \$5.12; bottle cologne, 25c; 8 yds. calico at 14, \$1.12; 6 yds. muslin at 10, 60c; 1 pocket handkerchief, 12½c; 1 yd. jaconet, 37c; 1 pr. slippers, \$1.25; 1 pr. cotton hose, 12½c.

At the end of twenty-two weeks, she had \$8.50 coming to her over and above her purchases at the store.

Barney Lorenz must have had two hired girls. In an old account book in the possession of Attorney R. Donald Lorenz, his grandson, we find an account with Hannah Dearmint for domestic service throughout 1851 at the rate of \$1.00 a week.

#### Had Taste For Fine Clothes.

Hannah's taste for finery runs into money. Note these entries on the debit side of the ledger:

"10 yds. for dress from Pittsburgh, \$3.10; 1 parasol, \$1.90; 8 yds. chintz at 28, \$2.24; 1 silk bonnet, \$5.00; 1 silk sack, \$5.00; 2 sheets hooks and eyes, 6c; 1 bead bag, \$1.25; making dress 75c; 3 yds. nankeen, 48c; 1 pr. silk gloves, 60c; 1 veil 62c; 1½ yds.ingham at 50, 62c; 1 pr. lace boots, \$1.50; 1 pr. shoes, \$1.50; 2 pr. stockings, \$1.75.

At the end of the year Hannah had



a fine lot of Sunday go to meeting clothes but had had not a penny in cash.

The latter part of 1851, Mary Ann Dearmint's account appears, Mary Ann splurges in a fan and side combs for 13c; 1 bottle hair oil, 13c; 6 pr. whale bone, 12c; 1 shawl, \$3.50; 8 yds. cashmere at 37½c, \$3.00; 1 pr. gum overshoes, \$1.25.

Until that last item stared us in the face, we thought rubber overshoes were a recent invention.

#### Attended The Fair.

In addition to store goods, she drew out 75c "to go to fair." Could the fair have been at Dell Delight?

Hannah Dearmint comes on the scene again in 1852 with charges against her of 1 bottle bear's oil, 10c; 1 sheet pins, 2c; 3 yds. white ribbon, 93; 1 sheet paste board, 6c; Hannah must have worn a slatted sun bonnet. Tan was an arch enemy. No girl that had aspirations to being a real lady would have allowed her complexion to become darkened by the sun.

Susan Isenberger in November of 1858 has "4 weeks lost time chalked up against her at \$5.00". Since her pay was only a dollar a week the penalty of the extra dollar may have been charged to board.

Boarding was cheap. By contract with Dr. Peter Shoenberger, Barney Lorenz charges 12½ cents for each meal the Doctor eats on business stop-offs at the Lorenz home.

"Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,

To wash the cups an saucers an clear the crumbs away."

The nursery poem of happy childhood memory describes a social custom that has virtually passed out of vogue.

In our great zeal to let "George do it," in other words shift our responsibilities to someone else's shoulders, little Orphan Annie and all her little orphaned sisters are consigned to the

more or less tender mercies of a public institution as the only actual experience of home sweet home they receive.

We seem to live in the hope that in some future happy day we shall achieve an existence devoid of duty, whose end and aim is recreation in stadium and swimming pool supported by the tax payers, the sports king and the emperor of pleasure to be our herves.

Grandfather and grandmother saw things differently. They were glad to give homeless children "board and keep" in return for such work as the youngsters were able to do, work under eighteen years of age not being a crime against society then.

After Orphan Annie's chores were done, we remember that she got the children of the family in proper frame of mind to go "away up-stairs" to bed by telling them ghost stories.

#### Spooks Little Doubted.

The fate of the scoffer, who maintained "there haint no sucha thing as ghosts" also is reminiscent of thrills, because all that was left of him when the vengeful spooks got through with him were his "pants and roundabout."

Consulting Webster we find that a roundabout was a boy's overcoat. Turning to Barney Lorenz's account book for specific information we learn that in 1864 "2 yds. stuff for a roundabout" for his step son, Samuel Leamer, cost \$3.50.

One can also see why education at the Pittsburgh Female College was necessarily confined to girls from families having incomes in the higher brackets. Glancing at Iron Operator Lorenz's entries of Laura Adella Leamer's expense account at that institution, we notice such items as \$502.56 for tuition and board; \$10.00 for carpet for her room; four hats, three at \$5.00 each and one at \$4.00; scarf, \$4.50; belt and buckle, \$5.00; Bible and breast pin \$2.50.

We call them brooches now a-days. Grandmother's breast pin was no article bought at the five and dime. It was gold. Together with a string of gold beads and a finger ring, the breast pin completed her jewelry ensemble.

Buying Adella material for a dress was a hefty shopping undertaking. It required ten yards of plaid at \$1.25 per yard to drape gracefully over her hoops and to provide for the modish tight bodice and full sleeves. Plaid was then fashionable for general wear.

#### Lime Was Cheap.

Although women's dress fabrics were high, Mr. Lorenz got bargain rate on some of the farm necessities. For instance he notes, 'Cash pd. Trout for 525 bushels of lime for farm, \$3.00 Lime at slightly more than one-half cent a bushel would be a good buy in this year of grace.

In 1861 cider was \$2.50 a barrel; whiskey, \$1.00 a gallon, apples 45c a bushel, seed wheat \$1.12½ and a yoke of oxen was purchased for \$100.00. The year before Mr. Lorenz paid \$16 for two buffalo robes.

In 1860, before the Civil war boosted prices, "1 bu. ear corn" was 25c; apples, 62c; coal, 10c per bushel; beef hides, 6½c a pound; veal, 5c; bacon, 10c; oats, bu. 30½c; salt, 25c a peck;; 7 mos. house rent, \$10.50.

The charges were entered against Andrew Hikes, who worked it out at the rate of \$23 per month, his boys also contributing \$12 worth of work.

Judging by the debit and credit entries in the account with one Stephen Oursler, the latter must have flim-flammed Barney Lorenz out of \$19.83. Mr. Oursler in 1849 was indebted to Mr. Lorenz as follows: To this amt. for my bargain in the purchase of the Steffy farm to give up my claim, \$125.00; 1 hog, \$4.00; cash loaned you week ago, \$50.00; Dress for his wife over what was given her for attending

to sick German, \$2.33. Total \$181.33.

On the "Contra" side of the ledger, Mr. Lorenz listed the following credits: By cash paid D. Sell on my order "So says Sell," \$40.00; 2 horse team 3 days to bring goods to Juniata after my paying toll and feeding team and carter, at \$1.50; \$4.50; 1 day hauling to Hollidaysburg, \$1.50.

Hauling potatoes to Gaysport and filling them up, \$2.50; his balance at Gap, \$113.00. Balance due Barney Lorenz, \$19.83.

#### Death Closes Account.

Then follows this elucidating statement, "Oursler is dead and I suppose his estate is worth nothing. He died in Mercer County, Pa."

At first glance this "So says Sell" affair has all the ear marks of having been a pretty intricate business transaction, but a little head work soon clears it up.

Evidently D. Sell, who by the way was Daniel Sell, an uncle of Rev. James A. Sell of Hollidaysburg, worked for Barney Lorenz. Instead of paying direct the \$40.00 owing to Mr. Sell for labor, his employer merely wrote an order on Mr. Oursler to pay it, thereby reducing the latter's debit by that amount.

"So says Sell" on the order was Mr. Sell's way of signifying that he was satisfied to get his wages that way. It was a time honored custom in the days of bartering, when money was scarce, to issue due bills on responsible citizens to take the place of cash.

Thus services were exchanged, or labor for goods, and the endorsement, "So says Smith, or says anybody" made it legal tender. That was contemporaneous with the era when a man's word in business was as good as his bond, Mr. Oursler in this case being an exception.

Enclosed between the leaves of the Barney Lorenz ledger for safe keeping is a letter which leads us

to believe that in the old days every man was his own grammarian. Writne in a clear, legible hand writing, it is a good specimen of penmanship but its phraseology is quaint, to say the least. Here it is:

**Had Verbal Contracts.**

Bobs Creek, Aug. 6th, 1862.

Mr. Barney Lorence

Dear friend I received your letter desiring to know from me what amount of staves I took out of your timber. I took out 7,225 of staves. I seed you at your place and ast you for timber and you said I could have it and I allso cut 300 hoop pools. I intend to come and see you in a month's time and settle for it.

Yours Respectfully,

David Burger.

Aside from its interest as a Civil war model of letter writing, it gives information about another Morrison Cove industry, viz; hand made barrels and casks, necessitating the making of staves and the employment of coopers on a large scale.

Billy Moore, late of Bakers Summit, was one of the last of the large company of Morrisons Cove coopers. He made thousands of barrels, casks and meat tubs in his time.

At the Poplar Run Grange Pioneer Trail program last spring, Professor T. S. Davis mentioned that the first settlers at Blue Knob made staves for a living, transporting them to Pittsburgh where they floated them on raft or flat boat down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers all the way to New Orleans. There they were converted into wine casks. On the return trip they brought with them a consignment of West Indian rum.

**Made Staves For Local Trade**

Billy Moore and his ilk probably did not ship their staves to New Orleans. They made their product for the local trade. There was a great demand for barrels in which to ship flour. Besides, the Coveites did not

need to depend on New Orleans rum for their schnapps.

They built distilleries almost as soon as they harvested their first crop of rye, consequently they distilled their own whiskey, and as for wine, the settlers from the Palatinate in Germany were born and bred wine makers. There was no necessity to carry on a long distance trade with the Crescent city at the mouth of the Mississippi.

Scientists say that we are creatures of geography, that our life and customs conform to the soil and topography of our native section. Granting this as a fact, we may say that the rich lime stone soil of the Cove at least shaped the pursuits of our pioneer ancestors.

From the earliest times our great-granddaddies cured their year's supply of pork by pickling it. Ham being the stand-by of their three good, hearty meals a day, they needed a supply of stout, large tubs or barrels in which to pickle the meat. Thus we see the meat barrel and the apple butter kettle are symbols from earliest antiquity in Penna. of the type of farming done by the people, as well as of their forethought to insure a well stocked larder.

From notations in the ledger, we glean that the market price of cider barrels was 75c, meat tubs, 1.50 and casks from 25c up.

**Highway Toll Expensive.**

It is astonishing to learn how rapidly the cost of tolls on the turn pikes climbed up. Although the toll for the upkeep of the roads was only a cent, or at most a couple of cents a mile, depending on the type of vehicle, toll gates were stationed so close together that the cost on Barney Lorenz's ore wagons plying back and forth between Allegheny forge and Sarah and Rebecca furnaces, was very high.

For a single day tolls noted were as follows: Toll at Ross' gate \$1.04; Ditto



at Martinsburg gate, \$5.00. The number of teams is not specified.

The turnpikes, while stony and pretty rough going, served their purpose very well. They were a local project, their upkeep falling on those who used them most.

In spite of the many changes which have revolutioned the iron industry, it seems to be in the Lorenz blood to cling to the family tradition of iron. Thus Barney's son, as we have seen, followed in his father's footsteps, continuing and enlarging on the operations carried on by the elder man.

Of Henry's sons, as we mentioned before, Frank is a foreman at the Roaring Spring Book factory and R. Donald, a lawyer, but walter, the other, stuck to the iron business. He is traffic manager of the Otis Steel Co., of Cleveland, Ohio.

Another brother, Harold, a student at Penn State, was killed in 1915 in an automobile accident at Stoystown while he was enroute to a Penn-State-Pitt inter-collegiate football game at Pittsburgh.

The home town beautiful aptly describes Roaring Spring. In spite of its steep hillside streets, which militate against the site as ideal, the handsome homes, trim lawns and spreading shade trees evoke complimentary comment from the passers-by.

Crowned with billows of smoke on foggy mornings the town has the added attraction of local industry. The smoke rising from tall stacks is a symbol of the manufactures which brought the town into being and which continue to pump the life blood of trade into it.

Few towns can boast of as high a percentage of home owners, compared to its size, as Roaring Spring.

The large paper mill and book factory were born of an idea. Of all the men that stopped to admire the magnificent spring and to drink of its

crystal clear water, but one, D. M. Bare, had the insight to harness its power in order to establish a thriving industry which supports many workers.

#### Brain Wins Over Brawn.

The might of an idea, the superiority of brain over brawn, is being lost sight of these days when the workers, many of whom cannot even speak English, as is the case with the United Mine Workers of America and other organizations of our alien population, seek to dictate by right of physical force. Every forward step in civilization represents the ability of some one to originate a new idea while his fellows were content to follow after their leaders without exercising their heads further than was necessary to just make the grade of each day's requirements.

Roaring Spring residents have built a town worthy of being a setting for the priceless treasure of the great natural fountain of water for which it is named, and of the great industry for which the spring furnishes the power. Furthermore, the attractive appearance of the town may be accepted as a criterion of the high class calibre of the residents.

Get them in reminiscent mood, and the older natives of the borough will tell you many interesting things that happened back in the "I remember when" period.

#### Early Days Recalled.

For instance, Mrs. Annie Lower Shriver, daughter of the late John Lower, sections of whose farm now comprise a portion of the borough, viz: park and the Lower extension, remembers that she and her little playmates walked along a raspberry entwined worm fence on their way to school.

"Well, what's unusual about that?" is a question that arises in the mind of the reader. "Worm fences were common in my day and we youngsters all picked raspberries along them."

Yes, but this worm fence ran along the line of what is now Spring street. A flourishing potato patch occupied the area which is now the site of the stately mansions and spacious lawns bordering on the street.

The railroad was the main street. Walking on the railroad, was a leading diversion of the young folks and on hot summer days the bare feet of the smaller boys and girls padded back and forth on the ties on errands to the store and divers meandering about their play.

When D. M. Bare and his enterprising young partners, John Eby, John Morrison and Isaac Bowers, built the first paper mill in 1836, they counted on manufacturing butcher's paper and paper grocery bags out of straw and burlap sacks. Ill luck attended this initial project in that the mill was burned down in October of 1866.

#### Mill Is Rebuilt.

Rebuilt and reopened the following spring, another setback was experienced in the death of John Morrison, the general manager. However operations continued and gradually expanded. Straw, the chief raw material was to be had cheap and in any desired quantity.

At first the price of the finished paper ranged as Mr. Bare recites in his history, "Looking Eighty Years Backward," from nine and one-half to ten cents a pound. By 1873 the output had increased to 1860 pounds per day.

Keeping a watchful eye on marketing conditions Mr. Bare introduced the manufacture of white print paper from linn and poplar wood pulp and rags. The price of brown wrapping paper had fallen while white paper commanded a price of twelve cents a pound. This process was gotten well under way by 1875.

Thereafter the grandmothers of Roaring Spring and vicinity had a hard time keeping their carpet rag

and patch bags and baskets stocked because practically every boy and girl in the town old enough to know the value of a penny or a nickle, was in the business of collecting rags to sell to the paper mill.

Scrub rag, dish rag, apron, shirt or dress, wearing into a hole or two, were watched with calculating eye. No article of wearing apparel, that had passed its prime, was safe from confiscation by the juvenile collectors.

#### Pennies Greedily Sought.

The pennies the children got for rags, supplemented by "berry and errand money" and what they got for minding babies, either were hoarded to buy some longed-for possession or else they made a hurried trip to the till at the store in exchange for sour balls, striped stick candy, teaberry or peppermint "lozengers", or if in sufficient funds perhaps for vanilla ice cream.

The stacks of rags, miscellany of table cloths, sheets and odds and ends of cotton garments, were sorted before they were ready for "cooking". Mrs. Hannah Johnson, Mrs. Eckard and Mrs. Imler presided at the sorting tables, their eyes alert for buttons or other extraneous objects that did not lend themselves readily to be turned into pulp.

In the early stages of the industry, most of the work was done by hand. As time went on machines, so ingenious as to seem actually uncanny, took the place of human labor. Eventually, cutting, binding, counting and paging machines were installed that so far excelled the human hand in speed and accuracy that one is made to wonder whether this cunning mass of soulless iron may not be conspiring to master its creator—man.

#### Process Excites Interest.

Master Frank Lorenz was divided in his opinion when he took a "poke of rags" to the mill which was the more exciting: The spending money he

got for the rags or the sights he saw in the mill.

Even today, after many years of service through which he has risen to the position of foreman, he has never ceased to marvel at the wonders of the process, which has advanced from water and steam power and hand labor to the intricate electrically operated mechanism now in use.

He has followed the evolution of the product from coarse butcher's paper made out of the neighboring farmers' straw to the high grade sulphite paper which is transported to the markets of the world for manifold

uses, such as books, ledgers, magazines and writing paper.

Many thousands of dollars have gone into the building of the paper mill and book factory. When they are running so that the shifts of workers draw full time pay checks, these plants represent great wealth. Their prosperity is synonymous with the well being of the majority of the townspeople.

Shut down, they are worth only the cost of brick, stone, mortar and junk iron. Which only goes to show that it is nothing but the whirl of industrial activity that makes the dollars.

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## Many Valuable Relics In Ebersole Home

Hands up! How many of you have ever seen a bread basket?

When the present writer was a child in school she noted with great interest that the Mississippi valley was described in the "A" geography as the bread basket of the world.

The term, "bread basket of the world" rolled with gusto from her tongue, primarily because of her pride in the fact that Uncle Sam was leading the band wagon in the march of the nations, but also because there was a sonorous sound to the words.

If she ever gave a second thought to the connotation of basket in connection with bread, she merely would have called to mind a market basket, or any other kind of basket in which bread could be carried. In other words she was jumping at a conclusion not borne out by knowledge.

### Bread Baskets Still Exist.

The other day she was introduced to a bread basket used in great-grandmother's day for the purpose for which it was intended, which was none other than to mould the great, round loaves of bread the pioneer housewives baked in their out-doors brick

bake ovens.

The bread basket—it should be plural really, because there are several of them—are the property of Mary and John Ebersole, who live in their ancestral home along the state highway at the foot of the long, steep hill a short distance west of Martinsburg.

They are hand woven of straw and hickory splints and are of a size to call forth respect, not only for the oven in which they were baked but for the appetite of our forebears as well.

Although Miss Mary Ebersole no longer uses the bread baskets, she bakes the same kind of bread her great grandmother made. Bakes it in the same kind of brick bake oven, too.

### Equipment Was Home Made.

You see in great-grandmother's day she hadn't any bread pans. What was the use throwing money away for an extravagance when she could make them out of raw material grown on the farm at no expense but a little time and effort. The clothes on her back, the shoes on her feet, the fur-



niture, blankets, quilts and feather beds in her house, in fact virtually every other necessity of life was produced on the farm, so why not bread pans.

First laying a cloth in the basket, the pioneer bread maker put a hunk of dough, kneaded and rounded, into the receptacle and set it away to rise. The worst job was to clean the oven.

Since the loaves would be turned out of the basket and laid on the bare floor or hearth of the oven to bake, the house wife was obliged to scrub it clean of soot, laboriously mopping up the back reaches with a rag on a stick.

In summertime she baked the loaves on cabbage leaves. While the leaf was an adjunct to cleanliness, it also contributed a slight flavor which made the bread additionally palatable.

#### Hearth Bread Was Common.

Sight of the Ebersole bread basket, relic of the past rarely encountered these days, thus suggests the history of hearth bread. In this mechanized age, hearth bread has lost its significance except to the commercial baker, who still practices the art of baking the dough on the bare hearth.

Mary's grandmother, Elizabeth Garner Acker, the wife of Henry Acker, had rows of the quaintest, shining brown glazed, quart-size crocks in her cellar you ever saw. While you would never guess their use, they actually were her fruit jars. The fruit was sealed air tight by pressing a ring of putty around the lid.

We'll all agree that earthen fruit jars are a novelty. They are so old that they are new and pretty enough to be utilized as flower vases, but in their hey day, they served their purpose just as well to keep grandmother's winter supply of pears and peaches from spoiling.

These jars are akin to the large "stone", two-handled cream crocks. These well proportioned crocks, high-

ly prized as antiques, taper gracefully to a small-sized opening at the top. Inquiry reveals that the top has been made to conform to the size of the hole in the churn, thereby facilitating the pouring of the cream into the churn. It also permits a small-size lid to fit down over the top.

#### Pottery Was Decorated.

The ancient potter graced his work with a trade mark attesting to his artistic ability, each jar being decorated with blue scroll, floral or bird design.

Well, the politicians are at it again. Here is a copy of the New Orleans Courier, printed both in English and French, which reports the views of the governor of South Carolina.

The governor declares the prospects of "returning prosperity and better business are flattering." He extols "free trade as the great and growing principle of the age and inveighs against tariff for protection as pernicious in principle and detrimental in practice."

The worthy governor does not make mention of the evils of Wall Street. However his speech is lauded as "a gem, well written, plain in its statements; clear in its recommendations and especially free from the bobadil flourishes of chivalry which have formed so large a portion of his predecessor's communications to the assembled wisdom of the State."

Wonder whether that word "bobadil" is a mis-print? Let it go. We can't prove it because The Courier carries a first page ad captioned, "Henry Clay for President."

#### Paper of Ancient Date.

The newspaper was printed December 7, 1843. It was used to line a handsome horse hair trunk in which are stored old deeds to the Acker family lands from the first patent, dated April 27, 1789 down through the generations to the ownership of John and Mary Ebersole. It shows that the pet

themes and catch phrases of politicians have never changed. They may play a slightly different tune but they harp on the same string.

While the horse hair trunk is very interesting from the standpoint of its antiquity, its contents are a genuine find to the delver after facts of local history. Here are all the legal documents, deeds, copies of wills and the like, which have accumulated in the line of descent in the family trees of Johannes Acker and Yeannhan Vizard or Wisour, pioneer settlers of Woodbury township, Huntingdon county, now Blair county.

While the present Ebersole descendants of these two settlers know nothing definite as to their nationality, one takes it for granted from the names that Johannes Acker was of German origin and that his neighbor and latterly relative by marriage, was a Frenchman, quite likely a Huguenot refugee.

At any rate we find a Patent from the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania written on heavy parchment, whereby title to 300 acres of land is conveyed, April 27, 1789 from Thomas Jefferson to Henry Vizard, in consideration of the sum of 238 pounds, 5 shillings, lawful money of Pennsylvania.

#### Large Farms United.

Johannes Acker, himself a land owner, married Susannah Vizard, daughter of Henry. In this nuptial event Cupid accomplished more than the consummation of a romance. The marriage joined two large tracts of land. Before her marriage on February 4, 1790, Susannah bought 122 acres and 60 perches of land in her own right, paying therefor the sum of \$13.48.

By divers purchases Johannes Acker increased the holdings of himself and his wife until at the time of his death he held title in his own name to 776 acres and 39 perches of land divided

into four farms, which he willed and devised to his sons, Henry, John and Christian and his daughter, Cathrine Shanafelt, on condition that they sell no part thereof except to one another. His other children, David and Mary, wife of Michael Bowers, were bequeathed sums of money equal in value to the farm the others received.

The heirs who inherited the land were to a large extent honor bound by their father's proviso to keep the land in the family. One of the farms cut out of Johannes Acker's estate is owned by Mary and John Ebersole, having been handed down by will from one generation to the other from 1789 to the present, a period of 147 years.

#### Land Was Along Clover Creek.

Johannes Acker's 776 acres lay along Clover Creek. His land comprised the farms now owned by George Corle, John S. Acker, Zack Garner heirs and the John and Mary Ebersole farm, tenanted by Frank Garner.

The deed to Henry Vizard in 1789 describes the 300 acres conveyed to him as having been bounded on the south by land of Peter Winelan, on the west by Chestnut Ridge, on the north by Moses Lemmon line and on the east by "Tuses" mountain. The leard one to believe that the northern part of the Cove was settled earlier than generally is supposed because on the above date it must have been fairly well populated. At least, it was far from being a howling wilderness.

The deeds or patents contain a reservation that the "5th part of all gold and silver ore be reserved for the use of the Commonwealth to be delivered at pit's mouth, clear of all charges."

Otherwise the legal phraseology is exactly the same as is used on deeds today. There is something secure, a safe anchor of confidence, in this unchanging form and significance in legal language.

The parchment, thick and with a

wax-like finish, is in perfect condition. Parchment, by the way, is made out of sheep skin. Formerly used for important manuscripts designed for perpetual record, its costliness has imposed the substitution of paper. The name, however survives in the appellation, "sheepskin" still popularly given to school diplomas.

Clup, Clup, Clup!

When the children of Henry Acker heard the familiar sound of the heavy pestle pounding in the iron mortar, they remarked to each another, "Pap's making medicine again."

The mortar and pestle were accorded an honored place in the household. Many concoctions to alleviate the ills of man and beast were ground by those implements of the physician's profession.

Mr. Acker was not a doctor. He had not been taught and trained via the college and sheep skin route but he had a great fund of medical lore handed down through the family line, as well as knowledge of herbs most likely acquired from Indian practice imparted to the first settlers.

The weeds along the roadside, the plants in the woods and meadows were known to him not only by name but their medicinal properties were as an open book.

#### Knew Medical Values of Weeds

Tansy, yarrow, boneset, life-everlasting, pennyroyal, pipsisewa, snake root, chokecherry, sumac, white oak bark and numerous other common varieties of flower, root, bark and leaf, all to his discerning eye revealed possible cures for human ailments and the disorders of the dumb beasts over which man by right of his superior wisdom holds dominion.

Nature in the wild was a great laboratory. However, over and above what she provided lavishly in field and forest, Mr. Acker reinforced her bounties with a bed of herbs grown in his wife's garden. Here were sage,

balm, saffron, wormwood, thoroughwort, old man and old woman tea, camomile, hops, and many others whose names and uses have passed out of common knowledge.

The remedies he brewed, pounded and concocted, and the roots he preserved in rye whiskey were simple but potent. Certainly if they were not good for what ailed you, they did no harm. The neighbors must have had faith in them for they came time and time again for relief from "rheumatics, distempers in the pipes and dyspepsy."

#### Relics in Ebersole Home.

The mortar and pestle are numbered among John and Mary Ebersole's valuable collection of family relics. Their grandfather was equally well versed in doctoring live stock. He drenched the ailing animals with teas of hops and herbs. But in the event that a violent case of colic or poll evil did not respond to home treatment, he sent for Tommy Keach or Joe Kipe, horse doctors of renown in the community. One can imagine that the consultation of these selfinstructed and experienced worthies would have amazed the present day graduates of veterinary.

A pair of side saddles are reminders that Grandfather Henry Acker never needed to admonish his daughters, "Watch, you don't scramble the eggs," when they took the hen fruit to the store in Martinsburg on a Saturday. The girls were such expert horseback riders that any of them, Mary, Maggie, Sarah or Amanda, could mount the most fractious horse in the stable and canter to town with two big market baskets full of eggs, most likely one hung on the pommel of the saddle and the other on the equestrienne's arm, and never crack a shell.

Here's a curious signature to the following receipt: Feb. 28th, 1868, Received of Jacob G. Acker, one of the



Executors of Henry Acker, dec'd., one dollar in full for services as appraiser of the personal property of said decedent.—John Acker of H.

At first thought, you take it for granted that the "of H" used as part of the name, stands for John Acker's place of residence and that it is his desire to thus follow the historic example of Charles Carrol of Carrolltown, or John Brown of Possawottamie.

#### Carried Father's Initial.

But no, John Acker of H. had no such intention when he tracked that tail to his name. It meant John Acker of Henry, that is, son of Henry, to distinguish him from the other John Ackers in the community.

By the way, John Acker of H. earned his dollar for making the inventory and appraisal of the personal property of Henry Acker, grandfather of Mary and John Ebersole. Amounting to well over five thousand dollars, it consisted of a long list of articles of farm and household use, which paint a picture of the manner of life on the Morrisons Cove farm immediately following the Civil war that transcends the power of fluent descriptive phrases or the delineation of an artist's brush. That bare, unvarnished list of items comprising the personal estate of a prosperous farmer of the period reacts on the mind's eye of the reader, laying before him or her an authentic facsimile of what constituted a well regulated farm.

Henry Acker must have been a booster for the good road movement, always a matter of rural importance. Near the head of the column we see the item: 1 broad tread wagon and bed, \$40.00.

Now what was a bull plow? We note, 2 bull plows, \$5.00. Perusing further: 1 threshing machine and horse power, \$50.00. Never was patience of faithful beast so well exemplified as that of a horse treading

out enough power to thresh hundreds of bushels of grain. One fanning mill and scoop shovel, \$5.00, also recall a task, made much easier if the operator had the knack of using these implements.

No wonder the old time farmer had money laid down in his sock. Look at this: 130 bushel wheat at \$2.00 and lot wheat in sheaf supposed to be 300 bushels \$860. Two dollar wheat would help keep the wolf from the door. One lot pine shingles, \$10.00. Nowadays, we make them out of coal tar products.

#### Tools Were Hand Operated.

This group represents man power when elbow grease was more than a figure of speech, viz; 4 scythes and swaths and 3 grain cradles, \$10.00; 2 mauls and 6 corn hoes, \$1.50; 1 grind stone, carpenter bench and horse, \$2.

Mr. Acker's cradlers did not go thirsty for here is a notation of 2 water cans. They are linked up with an item inclusive of a ½ keg of nails and a X cut saw. However the cradles may not all have been fresh water toppers, because there are a couple of business-like demi-johns among the Ebersole antiques.

The items have been picked out at random as typical of the life of the times. Doing likewise with the widow's appraisal consisting of the articles she chose out of her husband's estate, we have a kaeleidoscope of that good lady's household.

Neither her family or guests had cause to eat dry bread for there were set aside for her own use, "11 crocks of applebutter and 36 milch crocks." Those three dozen "milch" crocks recall a picture of the crocks full of milk set in the cooling waters of the spring flowing through the spring house, gathering thick yellow cream, which in due time would be skimmed and churned into butter. Never has milk tasted so good, any farm hand will tell you, as a draft filched dur-

ing the heel of a summer evening from the top of a milk crock.

#### Lard Furnished Light.

What's this? Three cans clean lard. Why designate it as clean lard. O yes, this explains it, viz; 8 crocks lamp lard." You see the clean lard is what grandmother fried potatoes in while the lamp lard fed the dim wick of the fat light whose illumination compared with an electric bulb is as a mud puddle to Lake Superior.

Grandmother Acker also selected, "1 cupboard, queensware and tinware. Tinware of departed memory that was only kept bright at the expense of endless hours of scouring with fine sand, pewter sand it was called in the days when housewives had a more familiar knowledge of sand in this line than as something to loll in at the sea shore.

Two hogs, 2 crocks of sausage, 1 dinner bell appraised at \$2.00 and a ten plate stove and 11 joints of pipe, \$6.00, were other home necessities on her list, but no mention is made of coverlets, yet at least some of the twelve or fourteen beautiful hand woven coverlets handed down to Mary and John Ebersole must have belonged to their grandmother.

The present writer reluctantly confesses to being ignorant of the names of the intricate patterns woven into these Morrisons Cove brand blankets and the story they reveal to the eye of the connoisseur, but whether you know anything of their meaning or not, it doesn't take you long to make up your mind that they are beautiful.

John and Mary Ebersole have a collection of fine old pieces of furniture that dates back to the time when the Morrisons Cove fathers picked out a black walnut, maple or cherry tree as a prospective wedding gift when likely young men came a-court-ing their daughters.

Of course, we are not insinuating that the father of the happy bride-to-

be dragged a tree in to the wedding ceremony. Rather, he marked the noblest monarchs of his wood lot to be felled and hauled to some neighboring cabinet maker, who converted the wood, of a quality so choice that its like may never again be seen in the Cove, into such chests, desks and bureaus—latterly elevated into the realm of high society under the name of chests of drawers—as are stored in the Ebersole home.

At the time this furniture was fashioned by hand, the Cove teemed with work shops. Every village and cross roads was the site of blacksmith and wagon, or cabinet shop, pottery, foundry or house which was the abode of a weaver or harness maker.

Any young man with a flare for specialized work could find employment at any trade that suited his natural bent almost at his very doorstep. Then entered Henry Ford with his set-up for mass production and the country followed strange industrial gods.

Improved machinery, hailed as an aid to the artisan, has usurped his place and wiped the multifarious independent little workshops off the face of the land.

Some very interesting mementoes are stored in the big, erstwhile Acker flour chests. Among them is Grandfather Henry Acker's cutaway wedding suit. This, together with several ladies' dresses and coats, prove that the dead and gone Ackers, both of the masculine and feminine gender, dressed in the best style in vogue in their day. Permission has been secured of John and Mary to exhibit a number of these old time garments at the Hollidaysburg Centennial celebration.

These antiques that so sturdily have withstood the ravages of time, are symbols of the substantial calibre of the people who wore and used these

personal possessions. From the first Johannes Acker and Yeahann Vizard or Wisour, down through the succeeding generations the members of this family line have been real assets to the moral and economic welfare of the community.

We have seen that Johannes Acker married Susannah Vizard. Their son Henry took Miss Elizabeth Garner as his bride. Their daughter Susannah, married Emanuel Ebersole, to whom were born eight children: Andrew, Mary, Harvey, John, George, Mrs. Elizabeth Byers, Frank and Henry, the latter three being deceased.

Mary, John and George reside in the old homestead. Andrew with his family, lives on his farm, cut off from his parents' land, while Harvey lives on his farm in the Clover Creek section known as Fair Valley.

A lithograph of an officer in the regimentals of the German army, bearing various military insignia and inscriptions in German, conveys the information that William S. Beyer, deceased husband of Elizabeth Ebersole Beyer, was a captain in the regular army in his native Germany.

An early model postal card probably would disown its present day counterpart as a poor relation because of its lack of decoration. A postal card, kept carefully with the other keepsakes in the horsehide trunk, referred to heretofore, is dated March 31, 1875.

Posted from a town in Ohio it is addressed to Jacob Acker, Clover Creek, Pa. The card is embellished with an ornate scroll border, and plainly printed on its face in order that the addict to postal cards correspondence may not become confused, is the instruction: Write the address only on this side. The message on the other.

"Once upon a time there were three brothers," would be the proper

introduction for commencing the story of the genesis of almost any early Morrisons Cove family. In nearly every case, be it Replogle, Brumbaugh, Metzker, or any other pioneer family, it seems there were three brothers who immigrated to the Cove.

It is not surprising then that there were three brothers Ebersole, or rather, Eversole, the first of the family name to enter the valley. They were Abraham, Isaac and Jacob Ebersole. Typical Lancaster county Dutchmen, they came from their native county to Fritchville, where each settled on a large farm and on it raised a large family.

John and Mary Ebersole have but little data on their father's branch of the family. He died when they were quite young. The assumption is, however, that he is descended from one of the brothers with the old Testament names. Isaac eventually settled in New Enterprise district. From him sprang many of the Cove Ebersoles.

Mrs. Amanda Formhalz, of Caldwell street, Hollidaysburg, who will celebrate her 84th birthday anniversary on Monday, August 3, is authority for the data about the three brothers. Abraham was her grandfather. He followed the family tradition of giving the Ebersoles Biblical names by calling his sons Daniel, Jacob, Abraham, Christian, David, Jonathan and John and the daughters, Susanna, Catherine and Elizabeth.

Those folks who are best acquainted with the Ebersoles will not hesitate to say that these men displayed personal characteristics in keeping with the good qualities manifested by the patriarchs for whom they were named.



## Brumbaughs Have Wide Relationship

A remark, credited to Rev. Daniel B. Maddocks, of Altoona, was to the effect that he met two thousand cousins at one of the Brumbaugh family reunions held some years ago in Martinsburg.

That seems to be a lot of relations. However, after listening to the reminiscences of Martin H. Brumbaugh, well known retired farmer of Williamsburg, R. D., the present writer was convinced that only a small proportion of the family roster answered to the roll call at the assembly referred to by Rev. Maddocks.

Try a few arithmetical computations on the problem and you will see for yourself that the total crop on the Brumbaugh family tree runs into big figures.

On September 30, 1754 Johannes Henrich Brumbaugh, following an eventful journey that lasted six months, traveling from Germany to England from whence he took passage to the new world, landed at the port of Philadelphia. Unaware that he was founding so large a progeny in the country of his adoption, this industrious, self-respecting immigrant moved to Maryland and settled north of Hagerstown, where he proceeded to raise his family of fourteen children in precepts of thrift and industry and the fear of the Lord.

### Relatives Increased Rapidly.

Such of the fourteen as lived to maturity married and they in turn had, if not fifteen children, at least large families. They not only had large families themselves, but they married into prolific connections. Count up the score throughout five or six generations and the result will look something like the figures in John Rockefeller's income tax return.

Furthermore if you take into consideration the middle initial "H" in

Mr. Brumbaugh's name, you have another big example in multiplication, for the H stands for Hoover.

To follow Mr. Brumbaugh's genealogy back as far as his records go, we find that he was born at Marklesburg, April 18, 1860, the son of David Bowers Brumbaugh, who was the son of David. The latter was a son of Jacob, son of Johannes Henrich Brumbaugh. Jacob, born in southern Germany, came to America with his parents.

He it was who settled at James Creek, and founded the Brumbaugh family of Huntingdon county, members of whom have won recognition as leaders in educational and religious fields and as owners and tillers of the land.

The father of fifteen children, his progeny have scattered throughout the United States.

### Has Not Ceased Labors.

Previously we classified Mr. Brumbaugh as a retired farmer. This is a slightly misleading statement. Although he has given over his farm to his son Paul Alvin, he has by no means turned his back on the tools of his calling.

Living all alone in a tenant house, rather the "little house" as he dubs it, he does most of the house work and, in addition, keeps a fine looking truck patch in a top notch state of cultivation. His energy is too dynamic to allow him to lend himself to sitting in a rocking chair and whiling time away.

When he prefaces a story with, "My mother told me," the listener can relax in comfort and enjoy the interesting revelation which will follow.

Then let us accompany him on a jaunt via memory's trail into the past. "My mother told me," he begins, "that either on the last day of May or at the beginning of June in 1860 or

'62, I forget which precisely, snow fell so deep that it covered the wheat which was just beginning to head.

"In the hope of saving it from destruction, some of the farmers dragged their wheat fields with ropes in order to scrape off the snow. The grain subjected to this treatment, froze, while that left alone, yielded a harvest, which goes to show that God Almighty's designs are beyond human powers to fathom."

"Grandfather Brumbaugh told me," he continued, "that at meal time when he was small a big bowl of soup was set in the middle of the table. Each child was given a spoon to dip in the bowl. It didn't pay for any of the youngsters to complain that they did not like the soup, because if they did so they got a dose of switch oil.

"Grandfather raised flax. From the tow that was left after the fine grade fibres were hackled for use in spinning cloth, he made the traces and lines for his horses.

#### Used Home Made Plow.

"He plowed with a wooden mould board plow set with a home made iron point fitted in a groove so that when one side of the point became dull, the other could be turned forward. Iron was expensive. Grandfather would see to it that he got all the wear possible out of each point. He thought waste was a sin.

He used to say that his father harrowed with a thorn bush and sowed and harvested his crops by hand. The first Brumbaugh settler started life in a log cabin so bare of furniture that the dishes were kept on board shelves laid on wooden pins stuck in holes bored in the logs."

"Although Grandfather Brumbaugh carried on farming, his real job was carpentry and cabinet making, a trade which had been handed down from father to son for generations back. He made furniture for young couples who had it in mind to get

married and set up housekeeping, and when any one died in the neighborhood he made the coffin to order.

Mr. Brumbaugh has in his possession several specimens of furniture made by both his Grandfather Brumbaugh and Grandfather Hoover.

"Compared with the fancy caskets used today, Grandfather's handiwork would look pretty bare and plain. In those days coffins were shaped to conform to the contour of the human body, wide at the shoulders and tapering to a narrow width at the feet. The top was peaked like a house roof, with a square opening at the head end through which the face and upper part of the corpse, with hands folded over the breast, could be viewed.

"Grandfather made coffins of this type out of the best black walnut or cherry wood for \$6.00. Burials were neither showy or expensive. One might say it was cheap to live and cheap to die in Grandfather's time.

#### Farm Long In Family Name.

"The farm on which his grandfather tried to level the furrows by harrowing with a thorn bush, remained in the Brumbaugh name for many years. As better farming tools were used, the land responded by producing crops which enabled the occupants to live in improved comfort and style.

"This was reflected in the houses which were built in succession on the farm. The first was a little log house likely scarcely better than a hut. When it had served its purpose, it was succeeded by a stone and log house, which in turn was followed by what we called the big stone house.

"Grandfather donated the ground for the school house at the southern end of Marklesburg. As a matter of fact the entire west side of town was built on lots taken off the farm.

"I well remember when H. B. and J. B. Brumbaugh, cousins of mine, started 'The Pilgrim.' J. B. had start-



ed it after he had given up the venture of printing 'The Cove Echo' at Martinsburg. They worked like trojans. Many a time I've seen H. B., the editor in his shirt sleeves turn the hand press for the issue for which he had written most of the printed matter.

"Emma A. Miller, who afterward married Joseph Z. Replogle, and Wealthy Clark Burkholder set the type. Fine, lively girls they were, too. It was nothing unusual for them to come to our house after working in The Pilgrim plant all day and help to milk the cows so that they could get a drink of milk."

As these scenes of other days pass in review on the screen of his memory, Mr. Brumbaugh revives his youthful enjoyment in them. The tones of his voice vibrate with merriment. One cannot help but share his pleasure in the narration of these experiences.

Religious periodicals were deeply appreciated by the Brumbaugh family. His father saved every issue of the Pilgrim, which collection latterly was destroyed. Mr. Brumbaugh has saved stacks of the Primitive Christian and the Gospel Messenger.

A long time ago when the world was young, or rather should we say early in the present era of civilization, there was a beautiful, well-wooded valley in Germany through which flowed a roaring brook.

In the German tongue the word for brook is bach and roaring is brumin. The native folks, who lived along the stream, eventually came to be named Brumbach. According to family tradition that is the derivation of the surname Brumbach or Brumbaugh.

The desire for an education, which is a characteristic of the Brumbaugh's, wherever their place of residence, found vent in the case of "The Pilgrim" editors, J. B. and H. B. Brumbaugh, in the establishment of

Juniata College.

The history of Juniata College is an illustration of what great results develop from insignificant beginnings. To the college student of today, Juniata's embryonic attempts to attain the status of an institution of higher learning, would seem unbelievably crude. However, Martin H. Brumbaugh thought it a pretty good school when he went there in 1882. His intention was to learn, not to criticise.

#### Early College Teachers.

Professor W. J. Swigart taught elocution, Professor Long gave instructions in grammar. The names of the other members of the faculty have escaped from M. H. Brumbaugh's mind, but he remembers clearly that other subjects in the curriculum included geography, mental arithmetic, Latin and algebra.

As a student he occupied the same room that another Brumbaugh, Martin G. Brumbaugh, famous educator and governor of Pennsylvania, had lived in while he was pursuing his college course. S. N. Brumbaugh, of Altoona, was Martin H. Brumbaugh's room-mate.

M. H. Brumbaugh is an old gentleman of that rare type that confesses that boys in his youthful days were just as mischievous as they are today. He is as much amused at recollection of school pranks, seen from the long range of accumulated years, as he was at the time they happened.

For instance, there were the romantic notions the boys and girls entertained about each other. The students in the Eighdies broke out with them just the same as they do today. At that time there was only one dormitory, the nucleus of what is now Founders' Hall. The boys were on the fourth floor, while the girls were assigned to the third.

#### Recalls School Day Pranks.

School rules forbade any communication between the two floors. How-



ever when any of the boys wished to send a message to the young lady of his choice, he lowered a note tied to a string from his window to hers. A tug on the string signalled a reply was ready for delivery. This window to window mail route not only was effective but it had all the thrill of violating discipline.

There really was no harm in these pranks. It was just a little bubbling over of irrepressible spirits but it merely goes to show that boys were boys and girls were girls, liable to the same human frailties as they are today.

The students worked hard. They were not at the college to absorb social atmosphere, go in for athletics, or debate strange isms. They realized how much sweat had gone into the hard earned dollars that sent them there and they wished to utilize the time to make a suitable return on their parents' investment. The students got up in the morning at 5 o'clock or shortly thereafter on week days, 5:30 on Sundays. That being the case, there was no great tendency to break the rule that lights must be out and the young folks in bed at 10 o'clock at night.

However, it made no difference how hard the other boys and girls studied they could not hope to make grades as high as Lillie Oakes'. It wasn't because Lillie was so unusually bright that she led the class. Every one liked her but her classmates also were well aware that her One Hundreds and fat Nineties were awarded because of the teachers was sweet on her. He married her eventually. No resentment was felt about her high class standing, rather it occasioned a great deal of good-natured raillery.

One Saturday morning while Mr. Brumbaugh was going to college, the gong rang at 9 o'clock. It was a call to the boys to assemble on the camp-

us to plant trees. For some reason only two responded — Martin H. Brumbaugh and Daniel Replogle. Apparently the other young men considered the request by the authorities an infringement of their rights.

At any rate, they hooted and jeered at Martin and Daniel, calling them sap heads, or whatever the equivalent was for this slang expression in the Eighties. Of course, the attitude of their school fellows cut pretty deeply, but the two young tree planters continued doggedly at their volunteer task.

Although they probably never give a thought to whose hands placed them there, the succeeding classes of students, who have admired the stately maples and gratefully enjoyed their shade as they loitered about the campus, are indebted in large measure to the sense of duty which governed Mr. Brumbaugh and Mr. Replogle on that long ago Saturday when they sacrificed their holiday hours to plant the trees.

#### Sold Fruit At College.

Martin H. Brumbaugh was interested in Juniata College from the day of its founding, not only as an educational institution but as a market place. When he was a boy just big enough to go to town with his father to help him sell produce, he liked to go to the college to sell prunes to the students in the fall.

The Brumbaugh farm was noted for its fine German prune trees. One year, Martin's father sold fifteen bushels of prunes at the price of seventy-five cents a peck. The college boys watched for Mr. Brumbaugh's wagon in order to buy the tasty plums. Young Martin took great pride in measuring out a quart or a pint of the fruit as the young men called out the quantity they desired. The dimes and nickles rolled in quite lively, he thought.

**Moved To The Cove.**

Mr. Brumbaugh's father was the first one of his immediate connection to move across the mountain into the Cove. He lived at Soulsby for two years and also farmed for the late Philip Shelley near East Sharpsburg. After a few years, the family moved back to the farm at Marklesburg.

For the benefit of those, who never heard of Soulsby, Mr. Brumbaugh stated that it is applied to a section of Henrietta. Henrietta seems to have changed its name as often as a Hollywood female movie star. It started out as Leather Cracker, wound up as Henrietta, but somewhere between the two, it also was known as Soulsby.

"Martin, wake up! We're going to name the baby."

It was cold, disagreeable late fall weather. Mr. Brumbaugh had been hauling wood to the gondola works in Huntingdon where the silk mill is now located. Arrived there, he received the message that his mother-in-law was dead.

Returning to his home at Dónation, nine miles north of Huntingdon without taking off time to rest, he set out on the twenty-eight mile journey to attend the funeral. Naturally he was tired, and now that the funeral was over, he was trying to catch up on needed sleep. Therefore, he responded with sleepy reluctance to his wife's plan to name their baby girl, who was a month old and still had no name other than "The Baby."

His wife, nee Mary Emma Boller, suggested making a sort of game out of the naming ceremony. Her younger sister and her brother and his wife being present, making five persons counting Mr. Brumbaugh and herself, Mrs. Brumbaugh proposed that each individual write a letter on a piece of paper. Whatever name the letters formed in the order in which

they were handed in, would be the baby's name.

Too tired to enter into the play with any great enthusiasm, Mr. Brumbaugh chose the letter "Z" just to throw a monkey wrench into the machinery. The first trial produced, "Renzy."

**Baby Gets Novel Name.**

That was a boy's name, hence another trial was necessary. The second attempt turned out to be "Calmo." By this time every body became so interested that the third essay at this novel method for naming baby, brought the name Odeso out of the hat. That was final. The baby was named Calmo Odessa. She is now Mrs. Blandon Detwiler.

She was the third of the nine children of Mr. and Mrs. Brumbaugh. The first one, born on February 22, 1885, appropriately was named Martha Washington. She was the wife of Harry W. Parks, but has been dead for a number of years.

The others are: Mary Catherine, wife of Rev. E. A. Edwards, of Cherry Lane, near Clearville; John Raymond; Matilda, wife of Elmer Snowberger, of near Williamsburg; David Galen, deceased; Paul Alvin; Charles Chalmers, who died in infancy; Cora Belle, wife of Homer Pheasant, of Clover Creek, and Robert Roy, of Henrietta.

Mrs. Brumbaugh died September 15, 1934. Her father having died early from the effect of his military service during the Rebellion, she had been obliged to work out from the time she was ten. However, work was no hardship because her liveliness and cheerful outlook on life enveloped the most arduous task with a light hearted spirit that robbed it of drudgery.

**Living Was Not Cheap.**

A myth Mr. Brumbaugh seeks to explode is the belief that the cost of living was so much cheaper in the



old days. In proof of his assertion that prices of the goods the farmer purchases keeps pace with the price of commodities he sells, he offers his father's old account book, which covers a period from 1861 to 1890.

When the Morrisons Cove farmer raised \$2.00 wheat, manufactured goods rose in proportion. The reason the farmer used to be able to save money was that he did not spend any. The farm provided nearly all his necessities. The poet voiced the sentiment of rural folks in general when he wrote, "Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long."

Then Cyrus McCormick invented the reaper and ushered in the machine age on the farm. From the time the farmer had to depend on the implement manufacturer instead of the local work shop, he had to dig down in his jeans to produce hard, cold cash. As the genius of inventors add to the sum total of modern conveniences, the bills keep mounting too, payment for which must come from the same acres that supplied grandfather's few "store boughten" needs and a good bank balance in addition.

One has to take one's hat off to the old-timers for the neatness with which they kept account books. Each day's transaction was entered with a care that would put many modern farmers' attempt at bookkeeping to shame.

#### Kept Strict Accounts.

David Brumbaugh wielded a very clever goose quill. Plainly he left no due bill to the fickleness of memory. Everytime he bartered a bushel of corn, a barrel of cider or a quarter of beef for day laboring, he put it down in black and white, so that when settlement day came around, there was no argument on the score of mistakes or over charging.

While Mr. Brumbaugh's spelling is exact when he puts his attention to it, in moments of abstraction he

spells like he talks. One cannot help but smile at such items as "To 2 days srashing, \$2.00. To washing 3 shirds at .06¼ - 18¾c; To one day gradling, 75c." Thrashing, shirts and cradling evidently were sounds a little difficult for his German-trained tongue to master.

As prices rose, wages increased from the lowest level of fifty cents to the highest level of a dollar and a quarter a day. The most peculiar fluctuation is noticed in the summer and winter price of butter. Back in the late Sixties, butter was eleven cents in June and forty-five in January.

That is a phenomenon hard to understand in the Cove today. Owing to scarcity of feed on most farms, no effort was made to keep up winter milk production, the cattle having to subsist mostly on straw. As long as the grass and pumpkins lasted, milk was plentiful, but went to almost zero in winter.

While the price of milk usually was five cents a quart, in the winter of 1878 it was nine cents. Apparently there was a steady market for cider at four dollars a barrel. Water cider, whatever that was, sold for only one dollar a barrel.

#### Rail Splitting Was Common.

During the Sixties a frequent item was rail splitting at the rate of seventy-five cents a hundred. With the passing of the seventies no further mention is made of rails. One assumes that the diminishing supply of lumber was responsible for throwing the rail splitter and the rail pointer out of employment.

In June of 1879 one Anthony Beaver paid Mr. Brumbaugh thirty cents for a half bushel of seed potatoes, while he paid seventy-five cents for another bushel, presumably for eating purposes. The difference in price is due to the fact that our grandparents planted little potatoes only, saving



the larger ones for the table.

One day's "gradling glover seed" was worth seventy-five cents on Aug. 30, 1832. We find that Rachel Brumbaugh, hired girl, whose wage was seventy-five cents a week, among other things, bought on tick, "One box worm candy, 25 cents, 1 boddle of drops, 25 cents and 1 gallon soap, 25 cents." After working out her purchases, she had \$38.08 in cash coming to her out of seventy weeks' wages.

There is scarcely any one native to the Cove whose ancestry dates back to the pre-Revolutionary period, that has not a Hoover perched somewhere on his family tree.

According to data collected by Louis Hoover, of Roaring Spring, there were seven different branches of Hoovers that settled in the Cove. The time of their coming is so long ago that it is shadowed in antiquity, so to speak. Where they all came from is equally obscure, except that Mr. Hoover's family greats hailed from Washington county, Maryland. Others, it is believed, came from the eastern counties of Pennsylvania.

Through correspondence and conversation with persons in the Hoover line of descent, now residing in Ohio and Indiana, Mr. Hoover has elicited information which points to the belief that the Hoovers originally lived in Alsace-Lorraine.

#### Scattered By Persecution.

Embracing the Protestant faith centuries ago, they traveled hither and yon over Europe to escape religious persecution. In fact, their wanderings followed practically the same course as the Pilgrim fathers'. They first sought refuge in Holland, going from there to England from whence they eventually embarked for the new world.

Turning their faces toward the setting sun, they settled in the Cove when it was still the frontier of

Penn's Woods, exposed to pillaging Indians in the employ of the French, who sought to drive out the colonists loyal to Great Britain.

Sacrificing home and country to their religious convictions, they strove to build new firesides and raise altars in the outermost fringe of civilization where they could worship God in accordance with the dictates of their conscience.

The Hoover sons and daughters intermarried with others of the first Cove settlers. Thus we find them linked with Daniel Ullery, who erected the first log cabin in the vicinity of Roaring Spring and who owned the land on which the town now stands. Barbara, one of Daniel Ullery's daughters, married Jacob Neff, pioneer miller of Roaring Spring, whose exploit in killing two Indians thirsting for his blood, forms one of the most thrilling episodes of the frontier.

Daniel Ullery, who by the way was Louis Hoover's great - great-grandfather, had gotten his land grant from the Penn's either late in 1779 or the spring of 1780. He erected his log dwelling house on a site about one hundred yards north of the spring, occupying himself with clearing a portion of his three hundred acres and raising crops on the fertile, stump strewn land he had wrested from the primitive forest.

The story goes that it was a common occurrence for Mrs. Ullery to take a two-tined table fork to the spring house early in the morning to spear a mess of eels for the family breakfast.

#### Spang Secures Land.

Eventually Daniel Ullery passed to his reward and by his last will and testament title to his land passed to his son John, who accepted possession, as the court records show, on July 21, 1795. On March 22, 1821 it was sold to George Spang. It remain-

ed in the Spang name and was known as the Spang farm until it was purchased by D. M. Bare.

What could be more appropriate than that the name of the first Hoover forefather Louis Hoover knows finding excuse on the grounds that he anything about was Adam. Adam Hoover and his brother Christian came into Morrisons Cove from York county. They were devout adherents to the tenets of the Dunkard faith. Christian Hoover and John Shinafelt, it is said, were the first preachers of that denomination in what now comprises the Roaring Spring section. Jacob Neff, also a Dunkard, was dis-fellowshipped because of his slaying of the Indians. At his earnest petition, he was reinstated, the elders shed blood solely in self-defense.

Christian Hoover hewed his home out of the wilderness in what is now East Sharpsburg. His daughter married Daniel Howser, who lived on the present Homer Guyer homestead. Captured by a marauding band of Indians, after suffering many vicissitudes of fortune, Mr. Howser made his escape and lived to tell his grandchildren about his experiences at the hands of his savage captors. A daughter, however, who also was abducted by the red skins, never was heard of again.

#### Hoovers Have Many Relatives.

Rev. Fred Hoover and John Hoover, sons of Adam, married Brumbaugh girls. Their marriages not only made them ancestors of Martin Hoover Brumbaugh and of Louis Hoover, but of numerous other local residents, whose names may be Replogle, Teeter, Benner, Zook, Stoner, Long, Baker, Burget, Shriver, Puderbaugh, or almost any other surname you could pick at random out of a roster of long established Cove citizens.

Even the seven different Hoover clans married one another thereby so mixing up the relationship that it is

a puzzle today to know which Hoover is which. It made such a repetition of names, that they were distinguished by their middle initials.

For instance, there were so many John Hoovers at one time that the alphabet was almost exhausted to provide them with differentiating middle letters. Louis' father, John, had no trouble on this score because he was John Double Hoover. That was his nickname because he really was christened John Hoover Hoover. In speaking of him his friends sometimes jocularly called him Johnny John, thereby carrying out the double idea on his first as well as his last name.

At any rate he was a jolly, good fellow, who enjoyed a joke whether it was at the expense of a quibble on his own name or any other harmless jest. John Double Hoover was a son of John Puderbaugh Hoover, son of Jonathan and Elizabeth Puderbaugh Hoover. It was Jonathan Hoover, farmer and sawyer, by the way, who built the old stone house at Henrietta.

#### Settles In West.

Almost before the last Indian hunter had taken his bow and arrow to seek game in safer regions, Frederick Hoover decided the Cove was too populous, so he pulled up stakes and drove his conestoga wagon, containing his family and worldly goods to the Territory of Indiana. Here he founded a branch of the Dunker church known as the Hooverite church. The Hooverites flourished for a time but have long since died out.

Large numbers of the Hoover connection trekked westward until, go where you will to any place in the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans, as likely as not, you can shake hands with some representative of the clan. This urge to blaze the trail to ever farther horizons seems, according to Louis Hoov-



er's compilation, to be a family trait.

One Joshua Hoover in 1802, when he was but 16 years of age, emigrated to Indiana. Even John Double Hoover got the west fever and went to Kansas. He was united in marriage at Lawrence, Kansas to Catherine Replogle on February 13, 1870. To this union twelve children were born. However, he returned to his native county seven years after his marriage where he spent the remainder of his life, engaged in farming at Clover Creek, Curryville and finally at Carson Valley.

Louis Hoover was born in Jefferson county, Kansas, May 15, 1873. He has been in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad company for a considerable period. Sentenced to a measure of leisure on account of an affliction of one of his legs, he devotes a great deal of time to research of the Hoover family tree. While incomplete as yet, his records contain much valuable data.

#### Missed Much Early History.

His chief regret is that he had not begun the work years ago while members of the earlier generations were yet alive. But youth, intent on its own manifold concerns, ever is heedless of the old folks' tales of the past. In common with the rest of us, he did not awaken to the importance of what the aged had to impart of the lore of other days until their lips were sealed forever.

Mr. Hoover was married to Anna

Strayer, daughter of Jacob M. R. and Catherine Miller Strayer, June 21, 1894. Their seven children are as follows: Elsie Pearl, wife of Raymond Brubaker, Duncansville, R. D., Chester Leo and Howard Alfred Hoover, of Roaring Spring; Bessie Ruth, widow of Clarence Earl Waite, who was drowned in Lake Erie, August 8, 1934; Irvin David and Clarence Wilford Hoover, of Roaring Spring, and Elvin Frank Hoover, of Roaring Spring, R. D.

Before concluding this sketch, which started with the Brumbaughs and digressed over into the Hoover clan, we shall return to our original subject, Martin Hoover Brumbaugh. Looming to the forefront of his interests is his Sunday school class of young men at the Fairview Church of the Brethren. He is very proud of his boys, as he calls them.

Baptised when he was sixteen years old, he has been active in the Sunday school ever since as teacher and assistant superintendent. At such times as there was no Sunday school in operation in the community where he lived he was instrumental in organizing a union school which met in the nearest school house, this having been the case when he lived near Marklesburg and in the vicinity of Entrioken. He looks to the Sunday school as a major influence in the training of boys and girls toward the nobler aspirations of life.

## Smiths Prominent In History of Cove

"Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith" wittily observed Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in a poem written in celebration of a Harvard alumni dinner, which description honored his class mate, Dr. Smith, while at the same time it referred to the

multiplicity of Smiths.

There are Smiths all over the world, the familiar surname, with its variations of pronunciation, appearing in all languages. Go where you will, Oshkosh, Kalamazoo or Timbuctoo, you will encounter some one by



the name of Smith.

By an accident of fate, a man by the name of Columbus discovered America, but Captain John Smith planted the first permanent settlement in the United State of America. He made it stick by enforcing the rule, "He, who will not work, shall not eat".

Anyone acquainted with the Smiths of Morrisons Cove knows that, generally speaking, they adhere closely to that philosophy. They are opposed to loafing or letting their brains go to seed from lack of using them.

While the present writer has been unable so far to trace the first Smith in the Cove, data was secured from David W. Smith, of Woodlawn Avenue, Martinsburg, which proves that his direct ancestors, at least were early arrivals in this section of the country.

#### **Ancestor Buys Land**

The land records in the Court House at Hollidaysburg show that his great grandfather, John Smith, bought a large tract of land from one Daniel Paulus, May 22, 1811. The aforesaid land had been acquired by Daniel Paulus by Patent from the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania, March 15, 1773.

This land descended by will to David W. Smith's grandfather, Jacob B. Smith. Increased by various of the owners, it is still in possession of the Smith's, among them being Calvin, Clair, Amon, Preston, Lloyd, Heaster and perhaps, others of the name. Nowhere in the Cove, in all probability, nowhere in Blair county, has title for so large an area remained in the same family for a like length of time. From 1811 to 1936 is one hundred and twenty-five years.

Because of the inclination of the succeeding generations to cling to the abode of their fathers, their habitat is known locally as Smithfield. When the district was so named has

long since been forgotten, but none will dispute that it is appropriate. Although the rural mail delivery system has substituted route numbers for names that aptly described localities, thus sinking their identity into a general namelessness like convicts in a prison, Smithfield will be perpetuated so long as the church and school house remain there.

It is apparent to anyone familiar with Smithfield that John Smith, great grandfather of David W. Smith, was a good judge of land. His descendants have respected the trust he passed on to them by taking good care of the soil. Even the most casual observer will be impressed with the fact that the Smiths are excellent farmers.

#### **No Records Available**

Mr. Smith has no family records pertaining to his great grandfather. Therefore he does not know where he came from when he took up residence in the Cove. The present writer will appreciate the co-operation of members of the clan, who can furnish data of their early family history.

The presumption is that he was of German origin. At least Mr. David W. Smith remembers that his parents spoke German as their mother tongue, although they did not teach it to their children, reverting to it only when they conversed with each other or discussed something they were not particularly anxious for the youngsters to hear.

As a little codger, Mr. Smith was much interested in hearing his father's brother, Uncle John Smith, tell that an Indian hut had stood in a corner of his farm. Uncle John had married into one of the Rhodes families. There were four Rhodes families living on adjoining farms lying between Clappertown and Smithfield.

The draft of his uncle's farm showed the location of the hut. What red man chose to cast his lot with his

white brethren after the other members of his tribe had departed to farther hunting grounds, or why title to his rude abode was so scrupulously guaranteed to him, nobody knows.

Guy Ormsby recalls having heard stories told by old folks of his acquaintance that Smithfield was a familiar resort of wandering red skins, who frequented a primitive willow grove in the vicinity where they camped at stated times to weave baskets from the green willow withes. In proof of this contention, in former years considerable quantities of arrow heads and even a stone tomahawk have been found.

"O, goody! There's a sod field next to the school house. We're going to have lots of fun this term."

Maybe David W. Smith did not put the above sentiment in exactly those words during his school boy days, but it expressed the way he felt when a sod field adjoined the Smithfield school house, or the Stiffer school house after his family had moved into that district.

You see, when the school dads of Huston township allotted a plot of ground for the erection of a school building thereon, it measured four rods long and three rods wide, no more no less. After the school house was built but little space was left out of the twelve square rods for a playground.

For years "twelve square rods" was a sort of by-word among Huston township school directors. Custom had decreed that area as the proper size for school grounds. Anything in excess was regarded as a gross extravagance. Education of the children at public expense was pared down to the last penny. The tax payers were not in a mood to lay out cash for fol-de-rols, no sir.

#### Used Highway For Playground

If the "scholars" wanted to play, what was the big road for? Besides

every other year or so Neighbor Smith's or Neighbor Hoover's field next to the school house was in grass. If the public road wasn't good enough for the boys, they could play town ball in the field. Goodness knows, they sighed, if the young uns would do all the work at home that was expected of them, they maybe wouldn't feel so boisterous. What was the world a-coming to anyway that children had their minds on play instead of their books? Tut, tut, why encourage them by wasting time, money and good crop land for no better purpose than amusement?

Consequently when the old school house on Grandfather Henry Wike's farm, now Newton Hoover's farm, became so weather beaten that it was about to topple over the school directors of Huston township bought twelve square rods of land fronting on the Piney Creek road in the year of 1863 and built what for that time was an up-to-date rural school house, known as the Smithfield school.

Long seats were ranged across the room, one tier on each side, leaving space for a wide central aisle and a narrow aisle along either wall. The pupils, sitting six or eight in a row on a single seat had every opportunity to indulge in pranks behind the teacher's back.

#### Avoided The Hickory Stick

Somehow, little David Smith seemed to avoid, if not dictatorial sour looks, at least the laying on of the stout hickory which hung above the black board. In fact, he was only once penalized to "stand on the floor". Surveying school days from the perspective of more than fifty years, Mr. Smith tolerantly explains his good conduct record may have been the result of his ability to keep a watchful eye on the teacher, rather than exemplary observance of the rules on his part. However modestly he may depreciate his behavior in school, the



present writer, drawing from her own experience as a teacher, feels sure he could not have fooled all the teachers all the time, therefore we infer he must have been a pretty good boy.

Mr. Smith's father, George B. Smith served for twenty-one years as a member of the Huston township school board; he was on the board at the time of his death, which occurred at the early age of fifty-nine years.

The welfare of the school's lay close to his heart. As a matter of fact, he devoted every minute of his hard earned leisure time to visiting the schools. Not satisfied to keep tab on the schools in his own district, he visited the adjoining townships to study their progress. In the event that he discovered some improvement over home methods, he was quick to suggest its adoption.

Nothing so delighted him as to note evidence of mental ability. During the winter when work on the farm had slackened up, Mr. Smith frequently visited four or five schools in a day. At supper time he related the story of what he had seen and heard. With pleased animation he told how bright this boy was or how quick witted that girl was in answering some shrewd question he had asked.

#### Looked For Good Points

He did not go to the schools with the purpose in mind of criticizing. Rather he looked for things to commend. His attitude was one of whole-hearted co-operation toward achieving the goal of making the schools fulfill their utmost possibilities in promoting education. There having been no rural High schools, the one-room elementary school kept the pupils employed during the school hours and at the expense of the burning of considerable candle grease and lamp oil at spelling through Osgood's speller and the dictionary and solving the brain teasers in Brook's Union Written and Mental arithmetics.

The young folks, unless they got married or were compelled to earn their living by working out, continued to go to school until they were twenty-one. Spelling and arithmetic were their hobbies, as well as a challenge to their stick-to-itiveness. If the Smith boys could do the work, the Rhodes's, Hoovers and the rest of their colleagues could do it, or fag their brains trying. It was a blow to their dignity to admit defeat, nor did they ask help from the teacher. Rather they hoped to catch him up with a problem he couldn't do.

#### Tough Questions Worked Out

Those folks, who "rassled" with the frog that tried to crawl out of a cistern, progressing at the rate of falling back a half step each time he advanced a step, well know it took heavy concentration and much midnight oil to figure out the length of time it took Brook's persevering frog to struggle to the top. Frequently it took the student longer to get out of deep water than the frog.

By way of recalling the real gems of the mental arithmetic, there was the page about the fish that had tails twice the length of the head and the length of the body was equal to the length of the head plus the tail, how long was the fish? Of course there were figures scattered here and there among the frogs and fishes. As if the water creatures were not bad enough there were the eternal queries about A, B and C, viz: If A can do a piece of work in 2 days and B in a day and a half and C in a day and a fourth, how long will it take A, B and C together to do it?

The Smiths and the rest of the arithmetic sharps would have said the above examples are not correctly stated, that they don't make sense. The present writer will have to admit that some of Brooks' puzzlers did not make sense either, so far as she was concerned, even with the aid of mid-



night oil to throw light on them.

By the time young David Smith had gone to school to Uncle Michael Wike, John H. Lykens, George Fox and Fred Nicodemus, he could spell clear through the spelling book and could tackle the big words with the definitions in the back of Osgood's speller. His father thought it time to put him up against the "big ones" at night spelling school. He gave a good account of himself, not even going down on hony-soit-qui-malypense. Not content with English jaw breakers, Mr. Osgood had interspersed a few Latin polysyllables in his spelling book.

Calvin Smith was secretly amused. He was helping his grandfather flail rye. Although Grandfather Jacob B. Smith was in his seventies, he still wielded a mighty flail.

He had been a champion in his day but, thought Calvin, "I'm going to have some fun joshing Grandpap after I play him out". In other words, the younger generation was going to show that the old man was a has-been.

The flails began their rhythmic thump, thump. Steady as clock work Calvin's thud struck the floor as Grandpap's flail was raised to strike, and vice versa. Time went on. Calvin began to sweat and his muscles were becoming fatigued.

Furtive glances at Grandpap revealed no sign of weakness nor did the old gentleman suggest laying off to rest a spell. "He's certainly a tough proposition," thought Calvin. Doggedly the two men, the old one and the young one kept thumping away. After the job was done, Calvin admitted, "That was the hardest day's work I ever did in my life".

#### Was A Hard Worker

Jacob B. Smith, all his life was rated to be a hard worker. There were other hard workers in the community but not many of them would have cared to tackle Mr. Smith in a

contest, no matter what the line of work, cradling, grubbing, pitching hay, husking corn, or what not. He had grubbed acres of his land of the stubborn stumps and undergrowth that covered it. He was strong and untiring.

In spite of hard work, he never was too busy to lend a helping hand to the needy. A very religious man, he translated his faith into kindly deeds.

During his life time it was not uncommon for the scourge of small pox to break out in the community in the winter months. It was almost certain death for any one stricken with the dread disease. Because of the contagion, people in general avoided all contact with the unfortunates afflicted with it.

However, on hearing that a member of a poor family living along the mountain above the Smith farm, had come down with it, Mr. Smith trudged over the snow daily to take food and necessary supplies to the home. A member of the Church of the Brethren, on Sundays he hitched up his horses to the family carriage or spring wagon and drove to Fredericksburg to church.

#### Law of Heredity Proved

The behaviorist school of modern psychology to the contrary, any one who knows the Smith family, will agree that they prove that there is such a thing as heredity. Jacob B. Smith's capacity for industry, sympathy and sound judgment is bred in the bone of his descendants.

Henry Wike, maternal grandfather of David W. Smith, also was personally interested in the welfare of the poor people. Before the Blair county alms house was built, Mr. Wike served as county poor director. His chief official duty was to provide boarding places for the indigent, who were supported by public charity.

They were boarded by private fam-

illies at so much a hear, the county allowing a meagre enough pittance, to be sure. During his incumbency, Mr. Wike always kept several of the county charges at his own home.

Occasionally one of them would get ca: tankerous and run off, necessitating a hurried search of the surrounding community. As a rule the runaways were not hard to find and, their contrary spell over, were glad to return to their good bed and board.

Following the death of his father, George B. Smith, David W. Smith succeeded to the vacancy on the Huston township school board. That was forty-five years ago. Since then he has served continuously on the school board and in various other official capacities.

Asked about his different jobs, he said he would not like to compute them by the number of years he served in each on the grounds that the total would make him too old. At this point in the interview he told of a joke on his friend, Ed. Harris.

Mr. Harris began recounting the length of time he had been employed, so many years at this job and so long at that. A man in the group of listeners took pencil and paper and calculated the number of years, which altogether added up to one hundred and eight. Mr. Smith was afraid his public record would make a grand total too high to seem credible.

Just try out this list on your adding machine and you will see that if it were not for the fact that Mr. Smith was engaged in several of these activities simultaneously, it would carry him away beyond the century mark:

Mr. Smith has served as road supervisor in Huston township, one year; judge of election, one year; school director, fifteen years; secretary of the school board, twenty-one years; tax collector, eight years; road master,

twelve years; tax collector of Martinsburg borough, one year previously, and at present serving out the unexpired term of S. C. Replogle; trustee and financial secretary of Fairview Cemetery Association; Martinsburg council, four years; secretary of the joint North Woodbury-Huston-Taylor Township, sixteen years; deacon and elder in the Lutheran church, twenty-five years.

#### Shows Interest In Schools

You will have to admit the above score indicates long and faithful service to promote the public welfare, furthermore, it is evidence of Mr. Smith's great interest in the schools. Progress is his watchword. The schools, he says, must keep up with the times. Scientific developments have initiated great changes in industry, transportation and in our manner of living. In order to equip our boys and girls to meet our changing conditions, our schools must be revised and improved constantly.

He is proud of the great strides the schools have made since his own school days at Stiffler and Smithfield. At the former Obadiah Burket, Wesley Nicodemus, Harry Lykens, Robert Isenberg, Aaron Bechtel and Arch Clapper labored diligently to teach the fundamentals but their vision did not extend much beyond the three R's, and history, geography and grammar. In fact the modest curriculum was amply sufficient to meet the demands of the average farmer's son or daughter in those days.

Art and athletics were two words in the dictionary that began with A. Spelling them was about as intimate an acquaintance as the pupils ever got. In the event some youngster occupied himself at drawing pictures on his slate, the teacher's reproving eye probably led him to desist. As for athletics, the energy the boys expended in hotly contested ball games



pitching and batting their home-made yarn balls, reinforced with a leather cover cut out of an old pair of boot tops, was all the concession they made to athletics.

It also was Mr. Smith's privilege, during his incumbency as school director, to approve the purchase of additional land to the schools for the purpose of providing play grounds. Enough land was added to the Stiffler, Jugtown and Smithfield schools to make a half acre.

Those fine Smith farms lying along the Piney Creek road in Huston township were made out of wheat. That is to say, as soon as the savings out of the proceeds of wheat sales from one farm mounted to a sufficient figure, Grandfather Jacob B. Smith bought an adjoining farm.

Profits from horses raised on the farm also helped swell the savings appreciably. Never a thought entered the heads of our forefathers to risk their hard-earned savings in playing the market or any other kind of gambling. To their way of thinking there was only one legitimate investment for savings; viz.: land. When they bought a farm, they expected to make enough off it to buy another farm.

Other crops were incidental, huckster stuff that brought in spending money for the women folks. Of course, there were apples, but they were grown chiefly for apple butter, snitz pie and cider, as well as for home consumption. Apples, as a commercial proposition to be sold by the bushel, were extremely uncertain. When you had a bumper crop, your neighbor was similarly blessed, thus glutting the market. When prices were high, likely as not your apples were a failure.

#### The Rambo Was A Favorite

Grandfather Smith's favorite eating apple was the rambo. There was a whole orchard of them on his home

farm. And, believe it or not, three of those self-same trees are still standing, and occasionally bearing fruit. David W. Smith declares those trees are at least a hundred years old. He well remembers them to have been large, apparently full grown, when he was a boy.

Milk was produced solely for butter making. As Mr. Smith recalls, fluid milk was not shipped as a commodity down Piney Creek way until perhaps twenty years ago. He humorously remarks that the Piney Creekers "didn't like to get up so early." We'll have to admit that getting up for the old 4:45 a. m. Henrietta milk special was no sinecure, no job for alarm clock shirkers.

However, that was just one of Mr. Smith's jokes. A more likely explanation is that the farmers along the Creek were from Missouri. They wanted to be shown that milk shipping paid before they would start losing sleep. Jack Tipton, who lived on the Ormsby farm some twenty years ago was the trail blazer in shipping milk from that section. Today the sleek herds of cows feeding in the fields and the trucks loaded with cans of milk, that speed over the Piney Creek road give eloquent evidence of the great proportions to which the industry has grown.

#### Left Farms To Heirs

On December 22, 1826, when Great Grandfather John Smith passed to his reward, he left two farms to his heirs, who were his widow, Mrs. Christena Brumbaugh Smith, and the following children: Jacob, John, Henry, Isaac and George Smith, Susannah, wife of John Langaneker, and Barbara, wife of George Lytle.

The smaller farm contained sixty-nine acres while the other, bounded by land of S. Royer & Co., H. Powell and David Langaneker, had an area of one hundred thirty acres.

Under the stewardship of Jacob



B. Smith, oldest son of John Smith, the Smith land holdings along Piney Creek had expanded to the extent that he owned five farms at the time of his death. His children were George D., David D., Jacob D. Henry D., Eli D., John D., Mrs. Burket, mother of Harry S., and Mahlon Burket, Elizabeth, wife of Aaron Mock, and Nancy, wife of Hugh Rhodes. The middle initial "D" stands for Dilling, since Jacob B. Smith had been married to Susannah Dilling.

Coming down to the generation of David W. Smith, we find that his descent has been through the first born son in each generation, he also being the oldest son. He was born February 14, 1861. His mother before her marriage was Nancy Wike. The Smith family lived on the farm, now known as the Eldie Smith farm.

When David W. was eleven years old, they moved to the present Clair Smith farm, which Mr. Smith owned, prior to his removal to Martinsburg to his present residence.

#### Came of Large Family

He was generously blessed with

brothers and sisters, there having been ten children in the family, namely; Elizabeth Smith, Calvin Smith deceased, of Piney Creek; Mary, wife of G. W. Hughes, of Monessen; Clara, deceased, wife of Elmer Shriver, of Martinsburg; James of Roaring Spring; Harry Smith, of Williamsburg; Irvin W. Smith, of Altoona; G. Clair and Preston C. Smith, both of Piney Creek.

David W. Smith and Miss Elizabeth Metzker, daughter of Levi and Teresa (Winters) Metzker were united in marriage. Miss Ruth Smith, a teacher in the Altoona Junior High school, is the only child of this marriage.

That, very briefly, is a sketch of Mr. Smith and preceding generations of his family. If one could have the family history in detail, it would make a very interesting volume. However, as time goes on, the influence on the moral and economic welfare of the cove by each of these representatives of a fine old family will merit ever increasing appreciation.

## Bedtime Tales Told Carnegie Children

"Please, Aunt Mary, tell us a story," cried little Andy Carnegie.

"Yes, yes," chimed his sisters, Eliza and Margaret, tell us a story and then we'll go right off to bed, truly we will, just as quiet as mice. We'll tip-toe up the stairs like Grandmammy Tippytoes' children and we'll hop into bed and not fight the sand man the teeniest, tiniest bit."

"Very well, children, what shall it be?" asked Mary Breidenthal, nurse and governess to the three youngsters, who had been her charges almost since the death of their mother when Andrew, the baby, had been but a little tot.

"Oh, oh!" cried the children in unison, clapping their hands, "tell us about your great-grandfather and the great-grandmother walking to Morrisons Cove from Maryland."

"Long ago, so long ago that I don't even know what great-grand father's and great-grandmother's names were, they packed their belongings into bundles which they slung on their backs and started on foot to Morrisons Cove.

#### Traveled In Dense Forest

"At that time the country through which they traveled was almost unbroken forest. They followed rough wagon roads and pack trails which

formed the only highways that connected the scattered clearings. All day long they trudged steadily onward, watched by the bright, curious eyes of the forest creatures. Bushy tailed squirrels, barking among the trees, left off their busy quest for nuts to scamper in front of the wayfarers as if they were teasing, 'come and catch us if you can, slow pokes.'

"Gobble, gobble," said strutting Mr. Turkey, what strange fowls are these with the huge bumps on their backs?"

"Calk, calk!" clucked Mrs. Turkey, "they must be the beings that hunt the forest people with the thunder sticks that kill. Let us hide in the bushes."

One evening as the sinking sun gathered his golden beams behind the clouds in the west, leaving the gloom of approaching darkness envelope the woods, great-grandfather and great-grandmother came to an inn.

#### **Inn A Suspicious Place**

An uninviting place it looked to be, but the travelers had no choice but to go in and ask for accommodations for the night. At supper, great-grandmother thought to herself, "What strange meat! There's something suspicious about it. I won't eat it."

Watching her chance while the lowering gaze of the rough looking people in the room was withdrawn, she shoved the unsavory meat off her plate and stuck it slyly into her pocket.

After she and great-grandfather had gone to bed, great-grandmother became frightened. She heard the furtive tread of footfalls and people whispering near the bed room door. Thinking of the little store of money hidden away in grand-father's belt, she begged him to think of some way to escape before the robbers would break in and murder both of them.

So great-grandfather knotted strips of bed clothing together and

lowered great-grandmother out the window to the ground, following her quickly himself. They had scarcely gotten away from the house when they heard a great shouting and commotion in the room they had just left.

Running as fast as they could, not knowing where they were going, the fugitives soon heard the robbers giving chase with a couple of blood hounds yelling and bellowing as they picked up the scent. Just as the plight of the fleeing pair seemed hopeless they found a hollow tree into which they climbed for refuge.

#### **Dogs Were Tricked**

On came the ferocious dogs and their still more blood thirsty masters. As they neared the hollow tree, the beasts came to a dead stop. Cursing and yelling, the men urged the dogs to keep up the pursuit, but the animals refused to budge. The men in a frenzy of rage, beat them cruelly, yet the dogs stuck in their tracks.

At length, the robbers gave up the search. Muttering vengeance on the dogs they returned to the inn. Meanwhile the trembling fugitives left the hollow tree and stole through the forest until daylight found them at a safe distance from the wicked robbers' den masquerading as an inn.

They had no further mishaps on their long walk, arriving in due time at their destination in the Cove, safe sound and in good spirits. Ever after, their only explanation of the strange conduct of the blood hounds was that it was nothing less than the mercy of Providence which had saved them to a life of greater usefulness.

"And what about the meat, Aunt Mary. Tell us what was funny about the meat your great-grandmother hid in her pocket?"

#### **Meat Was Human Flesh**

"Well, children, I don't know what kind of meat it was, but great-grandmother, so long as she lived, believed that the meat that was served for



supper at the inn that night was human flesh, yes, she was convinced in her own mind that the gang of robbers were in the habit of killing their victims and cooking the flesh to serve to unsuspecting travelers.

"Just one more story, pretty please, Aunt Mary, tell us about the horse that carried the note."

"No, no, it's time for good little boys and girls to be tucked into their little beds. I'll tell the story of the horse next time."

Miss Mary Breidenthal, of Martinsburg, years ago left the home town to go to a wholesale millinery shop in Pittsburgh to learn to trim hats. She and Miss Mary Bonebreak, now Mrs. Stamm, worked at the millinery trade in the late Mrs. Jacob Clapper's store in Martinsburg.

While the girls made hats and did the rougher work, Mrs. Clapper did not let them do trimming. Ambitious to learn the art, Miss Breidenthal went to Pittsburgh. However, it was nineteen years before she completed her apprenticeship.

#### Took Governess' Position

This is how it happened. Before she went into millinery her father's sister, Aunt Nancy Bingham, wife of the Mayor of Pittsburgh, persuaded her to take the position of caring for the three motherless Carnegie children, whose father was cousin to Andrew Carnegie, the famous steel manufacturer.

For nineteen years or until her charges married and lived in homes of their own, she remained with them. While they were small she told them stories of the adventures of her ancestors, one of which is related above. Stories so marvelous that they seem the product of the mind of a writer of fiction, yet every word is true, proving that truth is stranger than fiction.

The great-grandparents, who walked from Maryland to Morrisons Cove were on her mother's side. Her moth-

er, Elizabeth Sensenbaugh, was born in what was the old Brenneman house in Woodbury. This is the house which was trimmed with the iron grill work used recently to erect a pergola on the campus of the Mercersburg Academy. Readers of The Herald will recall several articles descriptive of the pergola. Miss Breidenthal has no family record of the names of her great-grandparents, but her mother time and again told the stories of their escape from the inn.

#### Plans Return To Millinery

After Elza, Margaret and Andrew Carnegie were married, she acted on her original intention of learning to trim hats. After six weeks' experience, she went back to caring for children. It was not long, until on recommendation of her employer, she was offered a job in an exclusive hat shop in Pittsburgh.

The Carnegie sisters and brother, however, intervened, insisting that she deserved retirement and backed up their contention by giving her a monthly pension as a token of their gratitude and affection.

The stories we will strive to narrate she was accustomed to tell to the children. Next in order will be the one about the horse.

With three pairs of bright eyes pleading for another bedtime story taken from real life out of the exciting annals of her foreparents' experiences, Miss Mary Breidenthal settled herself comfortably while she retold the oft-repeated tales which had been the delight of her childhood.

"Tell us about the horse that carried the note, Aunt Mary, please." So she began:

"You would hardly believe a horse could be so intelligent, but every once in so often there is one of the dumb beasts that can do almost anything but talk.

"The horse belonged to my father, William Findley Breidenthal. I have



forgotten, if I ever knew, what the animal's name was, but it deserved to be Old Wise. Father owned it after he first married mother.

"For some time prior to their marriage, father lived by himself on the farm south of Martinsburg, that used to be known as the Daniel Brown farm, where the big willow trees guarded the gateway, and which is now owned by I. N. Keith, of Curryville. He used to say that he kept bachelor's hall.

#### Brought Bride To Farm

"It was to this farmhouse that mother came as a bride. I imagine she had to have a lot of sand. I mean pewter sand. Because if father kept house the way most men do when they batch it, it took plenty of scouring to get rid of the grease spots.

"But to come back to the horse. Grandmother, mother's mother, who had come to the farm to live, was accustomed to ride the horse when she went to visit friends at Williamsburg. Arrived there, she usually turned the animal loose and let it return home of its own accord.

"At the time about which I am telling you, she attached a note to the saddle and bade it to go home. The horse trotted along the Piney Creek road, heading straight for home. When it reached Martinsburg some of the by-standers loitering on the public square, bent on amusing themselves, tried to stop the horse.

"Several of the men caught it by the bridle. Rearing, plunging and kicking it tore loose and sped towards home, galloping as fast as it could go.

"After a time father sold the horse to a man in Pittsburgh. Now we've come to the part that's hard to believe, but it is a fact that the horse ran off from its new master and actually found its way back home by itself. Yes, it retraced, step by step the weary one hundred and thirty miles

back to Martinsburg, its unerring instinct pointing the way, until, lean, tired and road worn, it came and whinnied to be let in the stable door. You can imagine father's surprise for no horse ever was known before to find its way back that far from home.

"Now, since the clock wants a quarter of an hour to your bedtime, I'll tell you about a little German boy. Although but twelve years of age he was serving an apprenticeship as a weaver. His master used him cruelly, beating him and forcing him to work until he nearly dropped dead from weariness.

#### Planned To Run Away

"During the long hours of labor and while his spirit smarted under the hardships imposed by his master, he planned to run away and take passage across the stormy Atlantic Ocean to the new land of America, where he was told, every one was free and wealth abounded, awaiting the taking by all who had the will to work.

"Some how the lad made his escape and eventually landed in America. That boy was Henry Breidenthal. He was my grandfather. He was born in Darmstadt, Germany. Unfortunately, I know nothing about his parents, therefore, my knowledge of my family history on my father's side does not extend beyond grandfather.

"Of his early adventures I know little except that he fought in the War of 1812. His expectations of liberty and riches in America were pretty well realized because he was his own master and when he died he left each of his five sons a farm.

"He not only acquired a considerable fortune in the land of his adoption but he was held in such high regard by his fellow citizens that they elected him to Congress. It is not likely that the weaver boy of twelve years, in his most roseate day dreams, ever pictured that this country of unlimited opportunities to those who have the

perseverance to take advantage of them, would reward a humble run-away with the gift of a place in its law-making body.

#### Had Large Family

"Grandfather Breidenthal married Margaret Dodson. They had a family of five boys and three girls, namely: Margaret, William Findley, Eliza, Mather, Nancy, John, Henry and David. Uncle Math and Uncle John used to work on the Pennsylvania canal which connected Philadelphia and Pittsburgh by water except that that they had to pull the boats over the Allegheny mountains by cables.

"Following their father's example, they turned their faces to the Golden West, Math settling in Kansas and John in Minnesota. They grew up with the young west, both of them becoming substantial business men in their respective communities.

"Now that I've told you about Grandfather Breidenthal, "I'll have to tell you of the tragic fate that befell Grandfather Sensenbaugh. He was a carpenter by trade. While at work one day he fell off a house roof, injuring himself so severely that he lingered for a year in an ailing condition until he died.

#### Went To Sisters Home

"Grandmother, left a widow with three children, Elizabeth, my mother, and Martha and Paul to keep, went to her sister's to live. They resided down Piney Creek on what used to be called the Whittaker place. Never will I forget the hospitality and kindly hearts of Aunt Maria, Aunt Motlina, Aunt Esther and Uncle Paul Rhodes. They had the tenderest feeling for little children, more especially helpless orphans.

"Mother used to take us children down to the old homestead for a visit. You should have seen the long table in the kitchen set with blue lustre ware dishes. My, how I admired

those lovely dishes, but being a child with a child's normal appetite, the good food tasted much better because the dishes were so pretty. Aunt Maria lived to be ninety-six, a hale hearty old lady almost to her last day.

"Thinking of those good meals at the Rhodes' home reminds me of the oysters father served to sledding parties when he kept hotel in Martinsburg. He owned and operated for twenty years the hotel recently purchased by Frank Teeter. His great specialty was catering to sledding parties.

"Young folks from Williamsburg, Woodbury and from all sections of the Cove, with spirits aglow, came to the hotel for an evening of merry-making. Following supper, the carpets were taken up in the front parlor and the young folks danced the old fashioned square dances to the tunes of "Turkey in the Straw," "Pop Goes the Weasel," and other favorites.

#### Chess And Checkers Popular

"Those who did not care to dance, played chess and checkers, cards were strictly taboo because father would not allow a deck of cards in the house. The table at supper was stacked with platters of roast turkey or chicken and all the fixings. The dish that always drew forth the chief praise was oysters served with a sauce seasoned with allspice. I'd give almost anything to have the recipe, but it has passed out of knowledge. Say what you will, the old timers could show us a thing or two about how to enjoy social functions.

"After mother and her sister and brother had grown up, Aunts Maria, Motlina and Esther took another little orphan to raise. When they took the four year old little girl she spoke only English while Pennsylvania Dutch was the only language of the Rhodes sisters.

"Mother used to say that after this



little girl had grown up and married Michael Grabill, she visited Mrs. Graybill and discovered that she spoke only Dutch. She had forgotten the speech of her childhood. Mrs. Graybill was the mother of Mrs. Grace K. Ebright of Altoona, well-known newspaper feature writer.

Lamp light, fire light, drawn blinds and the quiet which attends the interval between play time and bed time, inaugurates another story hour for the Carnegie children.

"Aunt Mary, tell us why you quit teaching school?" teased Elza.

"Yes," piped little Andrew, "we want to know why you ran away from school so fast you lost your cap."

"In the first place," chuckled Miss Breidenthal, "I quit teaching school because the school house burned down. As a matter of fact, the whole town burned down."

"I was teaching at Brisbane, a mining and lumbering town in Clearfield county. It was a one room building. There were one hundred and one children enrolled, consisting of all ages, all sizes and about every nationality you can think of. The children came from emigrant families, who like my grandfather, sought their fortunes in America. Unlike him the land of golden opportunity offered them the sad reality of squalor and poverty."

#### Poverty Was Pitiful

"When I visited some of the homes, the despondent mothers called my attention to their deplorable surroundings and seemed to be trying to put into words what was wrong that the new homeland had fallen so far short of their expectations."

"The summer before school opened I had suffered from typhoid fever. The malady left me weak and, was much worse insofar as my personal appearance was concerned, my hair had fallen out, leaving my head as bald as a door knob. In those days

girls were embarrassed to tears if some calamity happened that necessitated shingled hair. Well, you can imagine how I felt with no hair. Until it grew in again I wore a black silk cap. I would just about as soon have wished myself dead as to have been caught without my cap."

"I had taught only a week when one forenoon the whistle at the lumber yards shrieked and blared and kept on as if they never would stop. Knowing that it signalled some disaster, I dismissed the children and hurried to the home of Emerson Isenberg's parents, my boarding place. It did not require the spreading of the alarm by working men at the lumber yard to inform me that fire was sweeping down on the town."

"Ten acres of piled up lumber in the yards, licked by the flames, caused a conflagration so vast it looked as if the whole world was going up in smoke. An advance shower of soot and charred bits of wood warned us only too well that it would be only a matter of minutes until the town would be destroyed."

#### Buried Trunks in Garden

"Frantically bundling some clothing into a petticoat, the thought struck me, 'Why couldn't I put my belongings into my trunk and bury the trunk in the garden.' Communicating the idea to Mrs. Isenberg, we filled two trunks with various articles within easy reach and working against time succeeded in digging a hole deep enough to bury them or at least heap ground over them."

"Mrs. Isenberg at the last minute packed some bedding on top of the trunks, placing a shawl on top of the lot. Strange to say, after the fire, we discovered everything intact except the shawl which was singed around the edges. It evidently had not been completely covered."

"To come back to Mrs. Isenberg and myself; we escaped out of the fire

zo:e by going out in a tram car over the narrow gauge railroad used to transport coal. Mrs. Isenberg who had left in the midst of house cleaning, went in her work dress and apron. I had put on a hat, but in my haste had somehow lost my precious cap.

"Blackened by smoke and charcoal and disheveled, we surely were a sight. Strangely neither of us had thought of money although I had without conscious thought caught up my pocketbook. When we arrived at Philipsburg to take the train to Martinsburg I discovered I had sufficient money to pay both our fares and with a single quarter left over.

"On the train we were the center of excited interest. Folks asked, 'Have you come from the fire?' Between answering questions and righting my hat which continuously tilted to one side or other of my bald head, the journey home was a memorable one.

#### Brush Fire Burned Town

"It has been said that Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over a lighted lantern and burned Chicago. The fire that burned Brisbane was started by a brush fire. The entire town was destroyed except one house that was left standing. On old lady, unable to escape, was burned to death.

"Some years later I taught school in Kansas. The school was small, only fourteen pupils. Among them were several little Russiars. The stable was built right against their house. The children looked like it

too, because they came to school just about as grimy as they could be. Day after day I sent them home to wash and when I insisted that they must have their hair combed before they came to school, what do you think they did? Papa shaved off their hair. Thereafter they came to school baldheaded so they wouldn't have to comb."

The above stories culled from the portfolio of the Breidenthal family history gave an intimation of the wealth of the fund Miss Breidenthal had to draw from to embellish the children's bedtime story.

Miss Breidenthal could tell many incidents about her brothers and sisters. There were nine children all told. They came in groups of three, two girls and a boy, two girls and a boy, two girls and a boy. Thus there were two girls all down the line near enough of an age to be real comparisons.

The children in the order of their age were Mrs. David Bloom, Mrs. C. H. Grass, Winfield Scott, Caroline, Mrs. Eli Walker, John Wesley, Mary, Margaret and Edgar.

Scott the oldest boy died at twenty-one years of age, of a mysterious illness, which his father was convinced was caused by the sting of a locust. Not one of the many physicians consulted could make a satisfactory diagnosis. John Wesley, at 28, died of a lingering illness following spinal meningitis. George Edgar, well known tailor and horseman, lived to middle age.



